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The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"I am not at all sure that she does," said Burton promptly. "They certainly constitute a curious series of incidents. Was there anything more, Miss Underwood?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. One morning we could not get out of the house. During the night, every door and every window had been barred across from the outside. Strips of board had been fastened across all of them with screws so there had been no noise that would awaken us. On the front door was a piece of paper, and written on it in big letters was 'This is a prison.' Henry found it when he came home,—he had been spending the night with a friend,—and tore it down, and unscrewed the bars on the front door and let us out of our prison."

"You could have got down all right from the second story by the big oak on the east side," said Henry. It was the first time he had contributed anything to the recital, and he spoke now in an impatient tone, as though the whole conversation bored him.

"Has it occurred to you," asked Burton thoughtfully, "that all these incidents bear the same marks of freakishness and mischief rather than of venomous malice? They are like the tricks a school-boy might play to get even with some one he had a grudge against. They are not like the revenge a man would take for a real injury or a deep-felt grievance."

He glanced up at Dr. Underwood as he spoke, and caught the tail end of a scrutinizing look which that careless gentleman was just withdrawing from Henry's unconscious face. The furtive watchfulness of that look was wholly at variance with the offhand tone in which he answered Burton.

"I have not the slightest doubt you are right about that. It was mere foolishness on the part of some ignorant person, who wanted to do something irritating, and probably enjoyed the feeling that he was keeping us all agog over his tomfoolery."

"Oh, but it was more than nonsense," cried Leslie. "You forget about the fires. One night, Mr. Burton, Mrs. Bussey left the week's washing hanging on the lines in the back yard, and in the morning we found that it had all been gathered into a heap and burned. That was carrying a joke pretty far. And soon afterwards there was an attempt to burn the house down."

"Come, Leslie, let me tell that incident," interposed her father. "We found, one morning, a heap of half-charred sticks of wood on the front doorstep. It looked sinister at first sight, of course, but when I examined it I was sure that there had been no fire in the sticks when they were piled on the step, or afterwards. It was a menace, if you like, but as Mr. Burton points out about those other matters, it was rather a silly attempt at a scare than a serious attempt at arson. Don't paint that poor devil any blacker than he is, my girl. He has probably realized long ago that it was all a silly performance, and we don't want to go about harboring malice."

"Of course not. Only,—those things did actually happen to us, Mr. Burton."

"Don't say happen, Leslie," said Mrs. Underwood, with the curious effect she always had of suddenly coming back to consciousness at any word that struck her ethical mind. "Things don't happen to people unless they have deserved them. What seems to be accident may be really punishment for sin."

"Well, these things befell us after that fashion," said Leslie patiently, picking her words to avoid pitfalls of metaphysics. "Then they stopped. Everything went on quietly until a few weeks ago. Then things began again."

"Let me warn you, Burton," interposed Dr. underwood again, "that this is where Leslie becomes fantastic. She has too much imagination for her own good. She ought to be writing fairy tales, or society paragraphs for the Sunday papers. Now go ahead, my dear. Do your worst."

"Papa persists in making fun of me because I see a connection between what happened six years ago, and the things that have been coming up lately, but I leave you to judge. There have been no tricks on us, no disturbances about the house, but there have been stories circulated, perfectly outrageous stories,—"

"The highwayman story?"

"That is one of them."

"But surely the best way to treat that is with silent contempt?"

But Leslie shook her head.

"That isn't papa's way. He answers back. And it certainly is annoying to have your neighbors repeating such tales, and humiliating to find that they are ready to go more than halfway in believing them."

"It is not only humiliating; it is expensive," murmured Dr. Underwood, letting his head fall back against the cushions of the couch, and closing his eyes a little wearily. "You can't expect people to call in a doctor who is suspected of robbing the public and occasionally poisoning a patient. I have practically nothing left but charity patients now, and pretty soon they will consider that it is a charity to let me prescribe for them."

Burton's eyes were drawn to Leslie's face. She was looking at her father with a passion of pity and sympathy that was more eloquently expressed through her silence than by any words. Mrs. Underwood broke the silence with her judicial speech.

"I do not think," she said, "that there has ever been anything in your treatment of your patients that would at all justify the idea that you poisoned Mr. Means. Therefore, you can rest secure that the story will do you no harm. We really can suffer only from our own acts."

Underwood opened his eyes and looked at Burton with portentious gravity.

"We'll consider that matter settled, then. Some time I should like to lay the details of that affair before you, Mr. Burton, because you would understand the wild absurdity of it all. As a matter of fact, strychnine in fatal quantities was found in the bottle of medicine which I made up myself, and I have not the slightest idea who could have tampered with it. Some one had. That is one of the mysteries which Leslie wants to fit in with the others of the series. But we haven't time for that now, for my committee is almost due, and I am going to ask you to help me back to the surgery. I will meet them there."

"One moment," said Burton, "You surely must have laid these matters before the police. Did they make no discoveries, have no theories?"

Underwood glanced at his daughter, —plainly and obviously a glance of warning. But he spoke in his habitually easy way.

"Oh, Selby has put it before the police," he said. "As I understand it, he has been neglecting his business to labor with the police by day and by night, trying to induce them to arrest me. It strikes me that he is becoming something of a monomaniac on the subject, but I may be prejudiced."

"I didn't mean the recent hold-up, but those earlier affairs," explained Burton. "Didn't the police investigate them?"

"Our police force has fallible moments, and this proved to be one of them. They chased all over the place, like unbroken dogs crazy over a scent, ran many theories to earth, and proved nothing," said the doctor in an airy tone, as one dismissing a subject of no moment.

But Mrs. Underwood looked down the table toward Burton and spoke with her disconcerting and inopportune candor.

"They tried to make out that it was Henry," she said calmly. "I think I may say, without being accused of partiality, that I do not consider their charges as proven, for though Henry has much to answer for—"

"So you see we are very well-known people in the town and have been much in the public eye," interrupted the doctor smoothly.

"Not so well-known as you might be," said Burton, catching wildly at the first conversational straw he could think of, in his eagerness to second the doctor's obvious effort to put a stop to his wife's disconcerting admissions. "I asked a man who was talking to Mrs. Bussey at your back gate, if this was your house, and he didn't even know your name."

"That is as gratifying as it is surprising," the doctor responded, also marking time. "I wonder who the ignorant individual could be."

At that moment Mrs. Bussey entered the room with her tray, and, to keep the ball going, he turned to question her. "Who was it you were talking to at the back gate this afternoon, Mrs. Bussey?"

"Wasn't nobody," said Mrs. Bussey, with a startled promptness.

"A man. Didn't know my name. Was he a stranger?"

"Didn't talk to nobody," she repated doggedly, without looking up. "Who says I was talking to a strang men?"

"It doesn't matter," said the doctor, with a surprised glance. "He was evidently unknown as well as unknowing, Mr. Burton—or at any rate we keep peace in the family by assuming that he was non-existent. There are things into which it is not wise to inquire too closely. Now, I believe that I'll have to ask for help in getting back into the surgery."

Burton waited just long enough to assure himself that Henry was not going to his father's assistance, then offered his own arm. At the same moment he caught a slight but imperative sign from Mrs. Underwood to her son. In silent response to it, Henry came forward to support his father upon the other side. As soon as they got Dr. Underwood again into the surgery, Henry withdrew without a word. Burton felt that there was something wistful in the look which the doctor turned toward his son's retreating form. But he was saved from the embarrassment of recognizing the situation, for immediately Mrs. Bussey flung open the door without the formality of rapping and burst into the room.

"There's men a-coming," she exclaimed breathlessly.

"What's that? What d'ye mean?" demanded Dr. Underwood, startled and impatient.

"There's three men a'coming in at the gate. Shall I let loose the dog?"

"Go and let them in, you idiot. You will make Mr. Burton think that we have no visitors. Don't keep them waiting outside. They didn't come to study the architecture of the facade. Bring them here—here to this room, do you understand?"

Mrs. Bussey departed, muttering something under her breath that evidently expressed her bewildered disapproval of this break in the familiar routine of life, and Dr. Underwood looked up at Burton with his peculiar grin, which might mean amusement or embarrassment or any other emotion that he wanted to conceal.

"My investigating committee," he said.

CHAPTER V.

The Investigating Committee.

If Dr. Underwood awaited his investigating committee with any special anxiety, his mobile face did not show it. Burton read excitement, interest, even satirical amusement in it, but nothing like dread. But surprise and disapproval came into it when the door opened abruptly and Leslie entered.

"I'm going to hear what they have to say," she announced.

"Now, see here, Leslie, it's bad enough to have a daughter bothering a man to death in his own home, but when she begins to tag him around in puublic affairs, so that he can't even meet a committee of his neighbors who want to search his study in order to arrest him for highway robbery without having her putting herself in evidence, it becomes a regular nuisance. You go back to your spinning wheel."

"You neglected to bring me up to a spinning wheel, father."

"You go back to your mother."

"I am going to stay here. I'll be reasonably quiet, but that's the only compromise I'll agree to. Don't waste nerve force scolding me, father. You need to conserve your strength." And with the evident intention of making herself as inconspicuous as possible she took a low chair half hidden by the heavy curtain of the window. Burton could not help thinking how futile any attempt at obscurity on her part must be. Her beauty lit up the shadowy corner as a jewel lit up the case. He had to make a conscious effort to turn his eyes away.

Again the door opened and Henry entred. The contrast between his attitude and his sister's was striking. He enterd hesitatingly, one would have said reluctantly, and his eyes were not lifted from the floor.

"Mother thought I ought to be present," he said in a low voice.

Dr. Underwood regarded him with a baffled look, and Burton understood and sympathized with his perplexity. He looked curiously at Henry himself. His youthful escapades, so out of the ordinary, had evidently made him something of a family problem.

"You might profitably take for an example your brother's ready obedience to a parent's wishes," the doctor said dryly. He spoke to Leslie, but it was Henry who winced at the jibe. His face darkened, and he shot an angry look at his father.

The trampling of feet in the hall announced the approach of the committee.

"Here they be," said Mrs. Bussey, opening the door, and herself entering at the head of the little procession of three men. Her lively interst in the affair was comically evident.

Dr. Underwood saved the situation from its awkwardness with a savoir faire which Burton could not too much admire.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he cried genially. "You are very welcome. You will excuse my remaining seated, I hope. I have sprained my ankle. Let me present you to my friend, Mr. Burton,—Mr. Hadley, who is one of our most distinguisned citizens; Mr. Ralston, who forms the opinions of the public of High Ridge by virtue of his position as our leading editor; Mr. Orton Selby, who was the unhappy victim of the highway robbery of which you have heard and who is justifiably anxious to let no guilty man escape. Be seated, gentlemen."

Burton bowed, in acknowledgement of the several introductions. He was touched by the simple-heartedness of Dr. Underwood in presenting him so frankly as a "friend," and felt more bound by it to act the part of a friend than he could have been by any formal pledge. He took quick appraisal of the three committeemen. Hadley was evidently prosperous, pompous and much impressed with his own importance. Ralston had the keen eye and dispassionate smile of the experienced newspaperman, so accustomed to having today's stories contradicted by tomorrow's that he has learned to be slow about committing himself to any side. Selby he had already met! That Selby remembered the fact was quite evident from the look of surprise and suspicion which he cast upon Dr. Underwood's guest. A striking man he was, with a dark narrow face, and a nervous manner. His eye was so restless that it seemed continually flitting from one object to another. His lips were thin, and, in their spasmodic instability that his restless eyes conveyed. Burton had an impulse to pick him up and set him forcibly down somewhere, with an injunction to sit still.

"If you have formed any plan of procedure, gentlemen, go ahead," said Dr. Underwood. "We stand ready, of course, to assist you in any way possible."

"Sorry you've had an accident," said Ralston, with friendly interest, "I hope it's not serious."

"Oh, no. It interferes with my walking for the present, but I'll be all right in a few days. Those pestiferous little imps, the Sprigg children, threw stones at my nag, and some of them took effect on me. Tormented little wretches! They are bound to be in the fashion if it takes a leg,—my leg, I mean. I told them fire would descend from heaven to burn up children who stoned prophets, but they didn't seem to realize that I was a prophet."

"I hope you may not prove so, in this instane," laughed Ralston.

"Yes, if fire should descend upon them, it might look as though you were responsible," said Hadley with a ponderous air of perpetrating a light pleasantry. "They say it is dangerous to go up against you, Doctor. Something is apt to happen."

"Oh, laws!" gasped a frightened voice. Mrs. Bussey had been an open-mouthed listener to the conversation.

Underwood turned sharply upon her, perhaps glad of an opportunity to vent his irritation indirectly.

"Mrs. Bussey, while I regret to interfere with the liberty of action which belongs to every free-born citizen of this great republic, I think we shall have to dispense with your presence at the ceremonies. I mean, Mrs. Bussey, we shan't need you any longer. You may go."

The woman muttered a grumbling dissent, but slowly withdrew. Burton was divided between amusement over the scene and wonder that the Underwoods, whatever their financial stress, should keep so untrained and untrainable a servant. She seemed to have all the defects and none of the merits of an old family retainer.

"Well, we came here for business and we don't want to be wasting time," said Selby abruptly. "You probably know how to get even with the Spriggs without delaying us."

"Certainly," said Underwood courteously, "but there is something I'd like to say first—"

"If you are ready to make a confession, of course we are ready to hear you. I don't think anything else is in order at this point," said Selby, in the same aggressively abrupt manner.

Burton was suddenly conscious of an impulse to go up to the man and knock him down, and by that token he knew, if there had been any reservation in his mind before, that he had taken sides for good and all. He was for Dr. Underwood. He glanced swiftly around the room to see how the others took this wanton rudeness. Ralston was watching the doctor quizzically from under his eyebrows. Hadley did not know that anything had happened. Henry was still as impassive as a statue, but Leslie, from her low seat by the window, was leaning forward with a look of lively indignation that was more eloquent than words. Burton went quickly over to her and sat down beside her without speaking.

"What I have to say is entirely in order at this point, even though it be not a confession," Dr. Underwood said quietly. "I invited you here in good faith to conduct any sort of an investigation that you might consider necessary. An hour or so ago, Mr. Burton found this handkerchief concealed behind the books on that shelf. As you would of course have discovered it if he had not found it, I consider it only proper that I should place it in your hands." He picked up the mutilated handkerchief, which had been left on the table, and after a moment's hesitation, said: "Henry, will you hand this to Mr. Hadley, as chairman of this committee?"

As Henry took the handkerchief from his father's hand, it fell open and the staring eyelet holes glared at the company. He stopped suddenly and a look of dismay went like a wave over his face. He glanced swiftly at his father. But while he hesitated, Selby sprang forward and snatched it from his hand with something like the snarl of an animal."

"Look at that! Look at that will you?" he almost shouted. Hadley blinked at it and Ralston got up and took the handkerchief in his hand.

"It seems to be the orthodox thing," he said with interest.

"Seems to be! Seems to be pretty conclusive, I should say. It's proof!"

"It's proof that Dr. Underwood has a malicious enemy and a rather stupid one," said Burton, thinking that it was time for him to take a hand in this remarkable scene. "I found that handkerchief an hour ago, tucked behind one of the books there, where you would certainly have found it if you had made any search. It is, of course, perfectly evident that it was placed there for the express purpose of having you find it."

"I don't see that that is so evident," Selby interrupted. "What have you got to say about this, anyhow?"

"Do you think that if Dr. Underwood had had such an incriminating piece of evidence he would have kept it instead of destroying it? If he were bound to keep it, do you think he would hide it where the first careless search would bring it to light? If he had so hidden it, would he have invited you here to search? You can't answer yes to those questions, unless you think he is a fit subject for the insane asylum rather than the jail."

Leslie shot him an eloquent glance of thanks. Hadley coughed and looked at Ralston, who was attending to Burton closely.

"I agree with you perfectly," the editor said, and Hadley nodded.

Selby turned a face of deliberate insolence upon Burton. "I don't know who you are, Mr. Burton, but you are here as a friend of Dr. Underwood's, that's clear."

"Yes," said Burton. "I love him for the enemies he has made." Ralston looked at him with evident enjoyment.

"Well, a friend's say-so won't go very far in clearing a man when facts like these stand against him. We're here looking for a thief. If it wasn't Dr. Underwood that held me up, let him explain that handkerchief, found here in his own private room."

And Hadley sagely nooded.

"I can't explain it," said Dr. Underwood. The life had gone out of his voice.

"It explains itself," said Burton impatiently. "Someone is trying to make trouble for Dr. Underwood by a very clumsy and transparent device. Of course," he added, suddenly realizing that he was not taking the politic tone, "of course such an obvious trick might impose on ignorant people, but to three men of more than average intelligence and experience it must be perfectly clear that the very obviousness of the evidence destroys its value."

Ralston cocked his left eye at him and laughed silently. Hadley nodded, but with some dubiousness. He agreed heartily with that part of the speaker's last sentiment which bore witness to his more than average intelligence, but he had a dizzy feeling that he was getting himself somewhat tangled up as to what he was committed to. But Selby was a Cerberus superior to the temptations of any sop.

"Then we'll look for some other evidence," he said aggressively. "We're here to search, and I propose to search."

"The house is yours, gentlemen," said Dr. Underwood.

Selby took a truculent survey of the room, which was not a large one. We walked over to the bookcase and ran his hand behind the books on the shelves and lifted heaps of loose papers and magazines without disclosing anything more deadly than dust. Then he opened the door of a medicine bacinet on the wall and pulled out the drawers of the table, and ran his eye over the mantel. He suggested a terrier trying to unearth a rat and apparently he was perfectly willing to conduct the search alone.

Leslie was watching him with a look of so much indignation and repressed scorn that Burton bent to her and said in a low voice: "Wouldn't it be better for you to leave?"

She shook her head.

"Don't waste your good hate on him," Burton urged gently. "He isn't worth it."

"There is some one behind all this who is," she flashed.

"Yes. We'll find out who it is before we are through."

She gave him a grateful look, and on the instant he began wondering how he could win another. They seemed especially well worth collecting.

Selby had dropped on his knees before the open fireplace and was examining the bricks that made the hearth.

"Some of these bricks are loose," he said accusingly to Underwood.

"Careless of them," murmured the doctor.

But Selby was in no mood for light conversational thrusts and parries. He was trying to pry up the suspicious bricks with his fingers and breaking his nails on them.

"Hand him a knife, Henry," said Dr. Underwood.

Henry took a clasp knife from his pocket in the same passive silence that had marked him throughout, and mechanically opened the large blade. It slipped in his hand and Burton saw him wince as the steel shut with a snap upon his finger. But he opened it again and handed it to Selby, who took it with an inarticulate grunt. Burton kept his eye upon the cut finger, but as Henry after a hasty glance, merely wrapped his handkerchief hard about it, and made no motion to leave the room, he concluded the hurt had not been as serious as it looked.

Selby was busy trying to pry up one of the bricks with the knife, when suddenly the point snapped.

"You've broken it," exclaimed Henry, who was standing nearest.

"If I have, I'll pay for it," said Selby, with a vicious look. "I pay my debts in full every time. Hello! This looks like something interesting! Well, perhaps this can be explained away, too!" He picked up from the mortar under the loose brick a glittering something and held it up with a triumphant air.

"What is it?" asked Ralston.

"It's my watch-chain and my charm, that I was robbed of; that's what it is." He shook it in his excitement until the links rattled. "Is that evidence or isn't it? Does that prove anything or doesn't it?"

"Is that chain yours?" asked Underwood gravely.

"Of course it's mine. My initials are on the charm and the date it was presented to me. I guess there isn't any one going to claim that chain but me."

He took it to Ralston and Hadley, talking excitedly. Underwood sat silent, with his head a little bent and his eyes on the floor. He looked as though a weight had fallen upon him. Burton tried to catch Leslie's eye for a reassuring glance, but she was anxiously watching her father and was regardless of everything else.

"It looks bad—bad," muttered Hadley, handing the chain back to Selby.

Henry had been glowering at Selby in somber silence, and now he startled every one by speaking out with a slow emphasis that stung.

"I've heard it said that those who hide can find," he said.

Selby whirled upon him. "Meaning me?"

Henry lifted his shoulders in an exasperating shrug. "You went pretty straight to the right brick."

Selby walked up to Henry with out-thrust chin, and spoke in a manner that struck Burton as deliberately offensive and provocative.

"That's what you have to say, is it? Now my advice to you is that you say just as little as possible. You're not far enough out of the woods yourself to holler very loud."

"How so? Do you mean now that it was I who robbed you?" Henry asked tauntingly. "It would have been quite easy for me to wear my father's cloak, if I wanted to throw suspicion on him; and to hide these things in the room, wouldn't it? Come, now! Was it I, or wasn't it?"

Selby hesitated an instant. Burton wondered whether he were considering the advisability of changing his line of attack to that so audaciously suggested by Henry. Perhaps he regretted that he had not accused Henry in the first place, but saw that it was impossible consistently to do so now.

"It's the sort of thing that you might do, easy enough, we all know that," he said bitingly. "We haven't forgotten your tricks here of six years ago, and you needn't think it. Just because the police didn't catch you, you needn't think that you fooled anybody."

"Gentlemen," the doctor tried to interpose, but no one heard him. Henry was evidently enjoying himself. He seemed curiously determined to provoke Selby to the uttermost, and the insolent mockery of his manner was all the more strange because of its contrast to his former taciturnity.

"You're a poor loser, Selby. What's a few dollars more or less to make a fuss over? Some time you may lose something that you really will miss. As for this robbery, if you really were held up,—I don't know whether you were or not, since I have only your word for it,—I'm sure you didn't have money enough to pay for that cheap handkerchief. And as for that plated chain!" He lifted his shoulders.

"What's mine is mine," said Selby, with the ineffective viciousness of a badgered animal.

"But the point is, is everything yours that you think is?"

"I'm going to find out who got my money," said Selby doggedly. "And as for you,—I'll get you yet."

"Sorry, but you can't have me. I'm already engaged," said Henry deliberately.

The retort seemed to carry Selby entirely beyond his own control.

"You're very clever at making speeches, aren't you? Almost as clever as you are at throwing people, and breaking their backs—"

But Dr. Underwood again interposed and this time successfully.

"All this is aside from the question. We are not here to study ancient history in any of its forms. This committee was invited here to consider the robbery of Mr. Selby, and anything else is beside the mark."

"And my watch-chain? Is that beside the mark? Found concealed here under your hearth. Does that mean nothing?"

The doctor looked so unhappy that Burton took the answer upon himself.

"It means exactly as much and as little as the handkerchief," he said. "It means that the place has been 'salted' in expectation of your visit, and if you want to go into the investigating business to some effect, you'll set yourselves to finding out who did it."

"Never mind going into that," said Underwood a little anxiously. "These gentlemen were invited here to investigate me, and here my interest in the matter ends. If they are satisfied—"

"But we are not," interrupted Selby. "Satisfied! I'm satisfied that we've got evidence enough to hang a man on, and I shall demand the arrest of Dr. Underwood."

"Then you will do so on your own responsibility," said Ralston, in decided tones. "I think Mr. Burton is right. The evidence was so plainly intended to be found that it amounts to nothing. I, for one, shall not allow myself to be made a laughing stock by taking action on it, and I am sure that Mr. Hadley agrees with me."

"I—certainly—ah—should not wish to be made a laughing stock," said Mr. Hadley, with a reproachful look at Selby.

Selby picked up his hat and made for the door. "You needn't think I'm going to drop this," he said with bitter emphasis. He addressed the room in general, but his look fell on Henry Underwood.

Hadley and Ralston also rose.

"If he acts on this evidence," said Ralston, addressing Dr. Underwood, "you may count on Mr. Hadley and myself to state exactly how it was found. We will say good night now, and I hope your foot will be all right in a day or two."

"Thank you," said Underwood. "Henry, will you see the gentlemen to the door?"

Henry went out with the committee. Incidentally, he did not return to the surgery. From his place by the window, Burton saw the men depart. Selby, who had left the room some minutes before the others, was the last to leave the house. Indeed, the others waited at the gate some minutes before he came hurriedly out to join them. Burton wondered if he had occupied the time in poking into other rooms in his absurd "search."

Leslie had sprung up and gone to her father. She put one arm around his neck and lifted his face with a sort of fierce affection.

"Why do you look so depressed, father?" she demanded. "How dare you let yourself go down like that?"

He wrinkled his face in one of those queer smiles.

"I know, my dear, that it is the proper and right-minded thing for a man with a sprained ankle to go around capering and dancing for joy, and I am sorry not to be living up to your just expectations. I'll try to improve."

She turned with one of her swift transitions to Burton. "What do you think of it?"

"Exactly what I told the committee," he said, and was glad that he could say it promptly.

"You can understand now how I feel,—as though a net were drawing around me. It is so intangible and yet so horribly real. What can one do?"

Instead of answering he asked a question in his turn.

"Why does your brother hate Selby?"

"Wouldn't any one hate him?"

"Well, then, why does Selby hate your brother?"

"I don't know that he does."

"Yes, he does. They hate each other royally, and it is nothing new, either."

Underwood groaned, and Leslie promptly patted his shoulder.

"Poor papa, does it hurt?"

"Yes," he sputtered.

(To be continued.)

Where Royalty Is Routed by Revolution

Palace of the King of Portugal at Lisbon

King Manuel II of Portugal

King Manuel will not be 21—"of age," as it is termed in America—until next month. Already he has been on the throne for two years, having been crowned in February, 1908, just after his father, King Carlos, and his elder brother were assassinated.

Both King Carlos and the crown prince, Louis Philippe, were shot by two assassins while the royal family were driving in the afternoon of February 1, 1908, in the Rua do Arsenal, opposite the town square of Lisbon and directly at the side of the Hotel de Ville.

The assassins were caught and put to death, and as an evidence of the popular spirit prevailing in Lisbon and the country the tombs of the two assassins have been in the months following the bourne of constant popular pilgrimages and the scene of numerous public demonstrations against the crown. King Manuel and his mother are obliged to submit to all this. In fact, they have been virtually prisoners in the shabby and appropriately named "Palace of the Necessidades."

Why Carlos Was Killed.

King Carlos was murdered because he was making, in conjunction with his singularly honest premier, Dom Joao Franco, an energetic endeavor to put an end to the graft which has reduced Portugal, despite all her natural advantages and latent wealth, to downright ruin.

On the resignation of the Conservative cabinet in 1906 he intrusted the formation of an administration to a man of his own choice—namely, Franco, who had broken away from the machine organiaztions in order to form a small party of his own with the watchword of economic reform.

Franco had no difficulty in forming a ministry but found it impossible to secure a working majority in parliament, and, accordingly, with his sovereign's consent, dismissed the legislature and ruled without it.

Franco Fought Abuses.

Scrupulously honest, loyally supported by Dom Carlos, Franco made use of the eighteen months during which his virtual dictatorship lasted to reform abuses on every side and to stop and punish corruption. Politicians, officials and court dignitaries who had fattened on graft were shorn of the most remunerative sources of their income. Quite as unscrupulously as the Haitians, with whom they have so much in common, and reduced to desperation, they determined to put an end to this era of reform by means of the assassination of the king and the murder of his prime minister.

TERROR ALWAYS TRAVELED WITH MANUEL IN SEARCH FOR WIFE

Plot after plot has been unearthed that had King Manuel's death for its purpose. Almost nightly, arrests of armed men sneaking around the Necessidades Palace have been made. Even the Vatican has been able to warn Manuel of plots against his life, and as recently as last May gave information which showed that the bomb which killed anarchist Jascozelli in Madrid had been undoubtedly intended for the youthful soverign of Portugal.

Side by side with the anarchists is the,, if possible almost graver troubles of the secret revolutionary societies, which seek not so much of the life of the King only, but the overthrow of the state. Nearly all these societies are banded together, and they flourish not merely in the cities, but in the countryside, and extend also to the armed forces.

These societies have for their object the establishment of a republican form of government, and many of them have in their membership men of note, influence and high respectability, who have no thoughts of assassination. But others have their bomb factories. Several of them have been found.

Despite the strict guard that is maintained, it is known that arms and ammunition have been obtained in large quantities from the arsenals of the army by the revolutionists, through sympathizers in the service, many of whom are believed to be members.

Vain Search for a Bride.

Manuel has been king for two years and seven months, and it is doubtful if he has known a single moment of peace, even when he has been away from his own country searching for a sweetheart to be his queen. In England his look of terror told that he did not feel safe even there. In Paris it was well known that he was in grave danger, for the headquarters of the anarchists, the most deadly to his life, are maintained there.

By the common people Manuel is despised. He is small and is fond of books.

The Sky Pirate.

By CARRETT P SERVISS

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

I deemed it best to rise, also, to his level, in order to keep him in sight below the clouds.

I wondered what the fellow would do, now that we were unmistakably drawing up on him. But when we had got just within range, and Ethan was drawing a bead in earnest, Payton lost not a second in deciding what to do. He swung the Chameleon broadside to, and an ugly blue flash showed at each end of her simultaneously. We anxiously awaited the arrival of the projectile, and at the same time Ethan fired.

Unlike a ship, an aero, when she is broadside to, presents a more difficult mark, because then her aeroplanes are seen more or less edgewise.

Both of the Chameleon's shots passed under us, but Ethan's was better pitched, and our glasses showed that the solid projectile had hit one of her "flippers," as he called them. He followed with another, which was effective near the same spot. A moment later both the Chameleon's guns spit blue fire again; but, as before, they were aimed too low, and the shot went whistling a good 150 feet below us.

"Why don't you swing round and give him both your guns, too?" asked the secretary.

"Because," I replied, "I want to run him down. Now, Ethan, keep it up."

Ethan's third shot hit the same aeroplane that had already been touched. If it had been a shell, it might have demolished it, but the Chameleon's conduct showed that the damage was not yet serious enough to stop her or even hinder her action.

However, she fired no more, but, instead, turned tail. Evidently Payton, finding that he was receiving more damage than he could inflict, meant to trust again to his heels.

"That won't save him," I exclaimed exultantly. "We've got him now. He's worse damaged than he was; and if he couldn't outfoot us then, he's got no chance now."

While I was speaking, I noticed that the Chameleon had turned almost directly skyward. We had been drawing rapidly nearer, and I followed the maneuver, not at the moment comprehending Payton's intention. Beyond and above him, during the flight, a huge white cloud had come sailing up. He made directly for this cloud, and hardly two minutes had elapsed when Ethan called out:

"Gone into the cloud, by thunder, and disappeared"

It was exactly true. The Chameleon was instantly swallowed from our sight. We could see where she had entered the cloud upon the commotion of the vapors.

"Up and after him!" I shouted to the steersman.

With all speed we darted at the cloud and entered it. I calculated that he would run straight through it, and then make a turn on the other side, but I thought that we could get there in time to catch him at his antics. So we shot straight through the cloud.

But Payton knew, or divined, what I didn't. Beyond this cloud lay two others, separated by a considerable interval, but on the same level. As we emerged on the other side of the first, we came in sight of the others—one to the right, the other to the left. The Chameleon was nowhere to be seen. She had evidently crossed the narrow open space and disappeared again into one of the clouds.

But which one? A sudden inspiration came to me.

"Send a five-second-timed shell into each of those clouds, while we hold our course," I said to Ethan.

These shells were so contrived that their fuses were started by the discharge of the gun. It was like shooting into a thicket at a suspected deer, and I regretted the order the moment it had left my lips. But it was too late for a countermand. Ethan's first mark was the right-hand cloud. I had never seen a projectile fired into a cloud and the effect surprised us all.

As the projectile dived into the round marble-looking mass of vapor, a minute hole seemed to open, and round this instantly played a rayed halo of brief lightning flashes. Then the vapor 100 yards on all sides was thrown into commotion, turning inward in streaming lines to follow the shell. This was well timed, for apparently it exploded in the very center of the cloud, which afterward appeared to be agitated by contending winds, while boiling rifts opened at various places. But the mass was too dense to give us a view through it.

In a few seconds the second shell had penetrated the other cloud and exploded within it, but the phenomena were now less marked.

Meanwhile, we held straight on our course between the two clouds, because I expected to find the Chameleon on the other side of one or the other of them. In this I was disappointed. When we ran out into the clear space on the farther side there was not an aero in sight.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Chameleon's Dodge.

My amazement and disappointment for a moment unnerved me. I glanced up and down, on all sides, but not a thing was visible except the clouds, the blue sky, and the green earth. I stopped the motors, and for a few minutes we hung there, debating what to do. For the first time in his life perhaps—for he was not a profane man — the secretary muttered: "D— !"

"Lootenant," said Ethan at last, "I know what he's done; he's turned, inside the cloud!"

The truth at once flashed upon us. There was no doubt about it; he had tricked us again!

"Curse him!" I exclaimed. "He shall never get away. Reverse the course, and then full speed ahead."

It was at least a year since I had seen the picture of Helen Grayman in the Sunday paper, but now her face rose before me as clearly as if she had stood there—those large, beautiful eyes, that open, frank, winning countenance. I felt that it was my chase, and I forgot everything except that I must save her.

But now a serious question presented itself—more serious than I supposed it to be at the time.

Which of the two clouds had the

"I Remember, I Remember."

I remember, I remember the house
where I was born;
The jimson weeds, the cockleburrs, the
mud, the dinner horn,
The cabbage patch, the onion bed, the
razorbacks, the plough
The leaky boat, the cheeky goat, the
mortgage, and the cow.

I remember, I remember my father's
barber shop;
But better still do I recall his joke
about a cop,
And how my mother used to glare and
grind her teeth and pray,
That joke was new at Waterloo—dad's
telling it today.

I remember, I remember our neighbor,
Silas Flynn,
And recollect his ghastly face and overawful grin;
And Flora Flynn, the wife of Si, and
Jim the harness man—
When father spoke about that joke they
all got up and ran.

I remember, I remember the overflowing creek,
Which caused some travellers to stay
at father's for a week;
That one of them, the second day, rushed riverward like mad,
Left cart and team, and swam the
stream to get away from dad.

I remember, I remember my cousin
Annabelle,
Who came to father's house one day to
visit "for a spell;"
When dad's joke had resounded from
its thirty-seventh crack,
She grabbed her bag and jumped her
nag—and never did come back!

—Judge.

Forests and Rainfall.

Chicago News.

Do forests influence rainfall? The question has been answered both ways, but there are no reliable statistics on the matter. The recognition of this fact has led the United States weather bureau and the United States forest service to undertake jointly a series of investigations to supply the data needed. A very complete study of the effects of forest cover upon streamflow, erosion, disposition of silt and the like, as well as their possible meterological relations, will be carried out on two watersheds of similar topography near Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado, in the Rio Grande national forest. The dams and instruments of the measurement of streamflow will be installed at about 9,500 feet elevation above sea level. The streams drain an area that extends to about 10,500 feet elevation.

It is intended to measure the flow of the two streams for a period of eight or 10 years, which should be long enough to show that, with similar forestration, the behavior of the two streams is the same. One of the watersheds will then be cleared and the measurements will be continued for a further period of eight or 10 years, so that the effects of denudation may be perfectly determined by comparing the results of observations in the two tracts.

The instruments and the observers are already on the ground, and this important investigation will proceed without delay.

Two of a Mind.

Chicago Record-Herald.

A well known humorist expressed the opinion that the keenest repartee, after all, was the half unconscious sort that sprang so whole-heartedly from the masses. Here is a story that he tells in support of his theory.

A woman who had been selling fish entered a street car with an empty basket on her arm, still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the finny tribe it had carried. She took a vacant seat next to a young man, a noticeable "swell," who drew his coattails away and plainly showed his disgust:

"I s'pose," remarked the woman presently, "that you'd rather there was a gentleman sitting beside you?"

"Yes, I would," was the instant reply.

There was a moment's pause, and then she looked up at him and said, "So would I."

Cats Drive Off Snakes.

From the Spectator.

For many years I have been running a cattle station in Queensland, where snakes are tolerably numerous. At the head station we have always kept up a standing army of from 15 to 20 cats and have been practically free from the presence of snakes about the buildings and yards. That this was owing to the presence of our cats I have no doubt whatever. They were always on the lookout, and I have often seen members of our feline bodyguard growling over dead or dying snakes and have more than once witnessed savage encounters between them and their victims. On the other hand, martyrs to their duty were from time to time found dead in the morning with all the evidence of a fight and their defeat in the shape of snake-bite on their bodies.

Caboose With a Record.

Washington Post.

"The caboose with the 'farthest north' record," said H. H. Spaulding, of Pittsburg, "is now resting in dignified retirement at Shohola, Pa. It is one of the show places of that community.

"When Peary was preparing his expedition of about 12 years ago he obtained from the Erie railroad one of those dumpy little cabooses that manage to shelter in some marvelous manner a crew of five or six men. This was put on board the Windward, his vessel, as a temporary deckhouse. The people of Shohola know more about this expedition than they do about the one on which Peary found the pole. They will tell you that the dismantled car was used as a shelter by Peary and his companions during the winter night which they spent at Etah. So the car evidently holds the record for a journey to the northern latitudes."

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

Chameleon used as a cover? I determined to run back straight between the two, and straight through the third, larger cloud, which we had already traversed, hoping to find Payton escaping in that direction.

By the time that we had gone out into the open beyond the two small clouds, Payton had completed his turn and re-entered the large cloud. Keeping to the left as soon as he was within it, he ran nearly its whole length, and finally emerged, only to dodge behind the other small cloud.

He was evidently a master of strategy.

Here, he ran the only serious risk of discovery during the entire maneuver; for, if we had returned more promptly, we might have been just in time to catch sight of him as he passed the opening between the clouds.

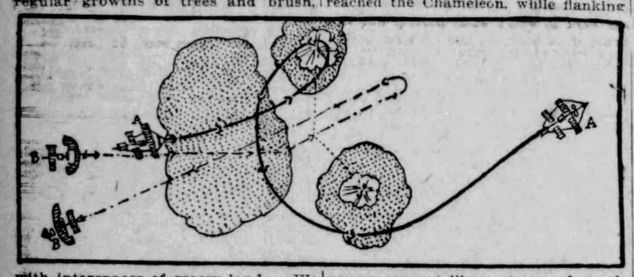
But we were too late; and while the Osprey was dashing headlong on her return through the large cloud, the Chameleon rounded the small one and was off at full speed in exactly the opposite direction. The reader may accuse me of stupidity, perhaps; but if he will consider the situation, I think he will confess that, from the moment the Chameleon disappeared in the cloud, it must have been as hard to locate her as to discover the traditional needle in a haystack.

However, I did not know all that I have just been explaining until long after we had emerged from the large cloud on the same side where we originally entered it. No sooner was the air clear of vapor than we looked about with all eyes, and were met by the same disappointment. The Chameleon was not there!

"Perhaps one of your shells found him," suggested Mr. Grantham, "and broke him up so that he has dropped to the ground unperceived."

It was a startling possibility, of which I had thought before; but I had fully expected, in case such a thing occurred, to see him emerge from the underside of whichever of the clouds he might have been in when hit. Still, he might have escaped observation; and, obviously, it was our duty to make sure. We must carefully inspect the ground under the two smaller clouds, or, rather, under the places where they had been; for all this while they had been slowly drifting northeastward.

Accordingly, I gave orders to drop down within a hundred feet of the ground, and, running back, we began to use the utmost circumspection in examining the surface beneath us. It was mostly level, and covered with irregular growths of trees and brush,



with interspaces of grassy land. We may have spent half an hour in this search when the penetrating eyes of Ethan Haight discovered a new surprise for us.

"Lootenant! Lootenant!" he called out. "There he is again!"

I glanced hastily at Ethan. He was pointing south-southwest, his hand raised above the level of his eyes. I looked, and we all looked, but could see nothing. Still, Ethan insisted

"Jest ag'in thet cloud with a head on it. It's him as sure as preachin'."

In a few moments I had the object located, a moving speck against the cloud. Mr. Grantham saw it, too, now, and for the second time he uttered a single profane word, while I raged inwardly and gritted my teeth. The whole trick, substantially as I have explained it above, now became evident to me. The more I thought about it—although, of course, I wasted no time with vain regrets, but set out instantly in pursuit—the more clever Payton's maneuver appeared, and the more I was disgusted with myself.

I could recall well neough the relative situation and dimensions of the clouds to see that he had timed his movements to mine—which he must have foreseen with Napoleonic penetration—so that his moments of entering and leaving the clouds, and of crossing the interspaces, would so fall as to keep him always concealed from us behind a curtain of vapor. He must have forecast with absolute assurance our final dart backward, which simply superadded our speed to his in widening the distance between us.

It was a bitter dose for me, but I swallowed it, and fixed my mind with redoubled resolution upon the rescue of Helen Grayman.

Mr. Grantham noticed my chagrin, and kindly said:

"No matter, Allan, he's yours yet. I caused you to waste half an hour by my useless suggestion. Now, go ahead, and I promise to be guilty of no more stupid interference."

"It's not your fault at all, Mr. Grantham," I replied warmly. "After our failure to find him where I expected him to be I should have done what I did if you had not spoken."

The secretary gave me a pressure of the hand, and I felt greatly encouraged, for I knew I should have his support however the thing turned out. The manifest course now was simply to overtake Payton again, which I felt sure of doing because of the damage the Chameleon had suffered. So I visited Jim, and incited him to renewed efforts.

"Get her up to a hundred and forty," I said. "We've another and a last chance."

"I'll do it or bust her," he grimly replied.

And for my part, I was willing that he should take any chances. If Mr. Grayman's daughter was not rescued, I didn't care whether we perished or not. We did go at an astonishing speed, and no long time elapsed before our gain was so great that I told Ethan to be ready.

"Shells this time," I said. "We'll not begin to fight until we are within easy range, and I want you to pelt him without mercy. Only," I added, "aim for the aeroplanes and save the hull. The Chameleon carries the richest girl in the world, and we've got her father aboard here."

"I'm not a goin' to tech a hair o' her head, lootenant," replied Ethan, with, I thought, a knowing grin. "I've been to the show in my day, an' I know all about Romeo an' his Jooliett."

I felt my face burn, and turned away. This practical-minded Yankee evidently had his romantic side, too, and had penetrated a secret of which I did not dare to think myself.

I do not believe that the Chameleon was now making more than a hundred and thirty-five at the most, and in a couple of hours we had her almost within range. As we drew nearer, Payton evidently saw that the game was up, and that his only course was to fight. But there was no white feather on him, and he met the situation with characteristic bravado, which, in the circumstances, possessed some of the elements of the heroic.

He ran up his black flag and dressed his flier, from stem to stern, in the same color, thus stamping her silhouette with startling distinctness against the rising clouds beyond, and giving her an aspect so fierce and menacing that I saw some of my men regarding her and one another with doubtful looks and shrugs.

In the drama now preparing, nature seemed to have decided to play a part. It was near the hottest hour of the day, and the clouds of the morning had gradually given place to towering "thunder-heads," a row of which was advancing to meet us. The circumstance worried me, for I feared that Payton might resume his bo-peep tactics if once he could get into the storm-clouds. So I called to Jim to pile on the speed once more, and to Ethan to follow the range and announce it to me every half minute.

"Four mile!" he presently sung out—"three mile an' a half—"

Before he called again, a vast smoke-bellied cloud, which had been piling its golden pagodas up into the sunshine above, seemed to make a sudden rush all along its front, and at the same time crinkled with lightning. In an astonishing brief time its advance had reached the Chameleon, while flanking exploding shells, mingled at times with the deep growls of thunder from the encircling clouds, which menaced in other rush, as if we, in turn, had stimulated them to renewed violence. But thy held off, while the fight to a finish between the Chameleon and the Osprey went on.

Presently one of our aeroplanes was knocked endwise; then our steering machinery was damaged. The latter injury caused us to swing round so that our stern gun also came into play; and the gunner, Eaton—a good man, too—incited by Ethan's splendid work, and eager to take his share in it, began to fire without orders. Of course I let him go on, and the battle became fiercer than ever. Payton sent us some more smashers, and I relt by the staggering of the Osprey that she was mortally injured. But, after all, that did not greatly trouble me, since it was plain that the Chameleon was in a far worse plight.

Ethan was a sight to make one's nerves tingle. His eyes flashed, his strong arms worked with the precision of walking beams and the perspiration streamed from his face.

"Bully for you, Ethan!" I shouted enthusiastically. "You've kept your word. The Chameleon will never fly again."

"The blasted turncoat!" he replied, again sighting his gun. "I knowed I'd put an end to her cavortin's. Change yer color ag'in will ye, ye blasted grasshopper. Scoot inter a cloud again, if ye kin, durn ye!"

Ethan had but just uttered these words when a shell whizzed aboard, exploded under his gun, and sent it flying, end over end, down into the scudding clouds beneath us. Ethan was toppled over, but immediately sprang to his feet, a trickle of blood running down his cheek, braced himself—and stared.

I never saw on a mortal's face such a look of blank astonishment and chagrin. For a minute he could not speak. Then he found his tongue and uttered but a single word:

"Gosh-a-mighty!"

In spite of the excitement, I burst into a roar of laughter.

"Never mind, Ethan," I said. "You've finished the Chameleon."

And so, indeed, he had. Payton's famous flier was knocked all out of shape. I wondered how she kept afloat. As she could not get away, and had manifestly fired her last shot, I ordered Eaton, also, to cease firing. The last shot of the Chameleon's, which gave her her revenge on the gun that had put an end to her career, was fired, as we learned afterward, by Payton himself.

The victory was ours, although the Osprey was not in a much better condition than her conquered antagonist, and the question now arose as to how to take advantage of it and finish our work. I had no longer thought of running the wrecked Chameleon down, but a method must be found of safely approaching her.

The storm had finally passed off during the last stage of the fight, and all the clouds were retreating, though still exchanging an occasional bolt as their white topped summits went nodding away in a long line, like a squadron of frigates in the glorious days of the sailor. Their mutterings came to our ears, but all about us the air was clear, the sky a spotless blue, and the earth again disclosed beneath, smiling after the shower.

Suddenly, while I hesitated about my next step, a parachute dropped from the Chameleon.

"Good heaven, Allan!" cried the secretary, who had returned to my side after finding that Mr. Grayman's injury was trifling, "Payton is escaping. If he gets safe to the ground, the fox will be in his hole again."

"He shall never get there!" I exclaimed, and at the words I sprang to the steering gear. It had been so injured that the steersman, finding he could do nothing, had abandoned it. But there was nothing about our aero that I had not studied to the bottom and I seized the wheel, determined to swing the Osprey around in some way, so that she could catch the parachute. The motors were still working, and with frantic strength I swayed the aero until she was pointed toward my object and then I let her spin.

The parachute umbrella had opened promptly, and it was descending in long swings. In a few moments we were almost upon it, but I saw that we should pass a little to one side and above it. There was but one chance. Putting my pistol in my teeth I sprang out with both arms wide abroad. Luckily I succeeded in grasping a rope of the parachute as I shot downward. The Osprey rushed on, and I was left suspended in midair, the parachute lurching and gyrating with my added and misplaced weight.

I had heard a shout of dismay from Mr. Grantham as I plunged overboard, but the instant I felt the rope in my fingers I had no fear.

I had taken my resolution that Alfonso Payton should not escape, and I meant to kill him.

I was not sure but that Miss Grayman had already been killed, and my head and heart were hot and mad.

I slipped down the rope sailorwise, seizing my pistol from my teeth as I landed in a heap in the basket. Instantly recovering my feet, I swung round furiously to face Payton and finish nim!

But my raised pistol dropped from my hand—for, looking straight into my eyes with pale, scared face, I saw—Helen Grayman!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Besieged by the Pirate.

Half stupefied with surprise, I glanced around and saw, besides Miss Grayman, only her maid, who lay at the bottom of the basket. There was no other person.

Miss Grayman sank nerveless upon the edge of the basket, and her danger brought me to my senses. Seizing her by the arm, I pulled her to a safer place, while the parachute, righting itself, descended more swiftly than before.

"Good heavens, Miss Grayman!" I exclaimed. What are you doing here? Where is Payton?"

For answer to my last question she had only strength enough to point upward. I glanced toward the wreck of the Chameleon, hanging black and torn to shreds above us, and saw a second parachute dropping from it almost in our track!

Then I understood the situation. Miss Grayman had, in some manner, managed to get away, with Susan, and now Payton was pursuing them. In fact, he had intended to descend with them, and had thrust them into the parachute. But as he was about to follow them, he accidentally loosened the apparatus and it dropped like a bled.

stone. He had seen my maneuver, and had sprung for the second parachute, into which two men had already tum-

It was the strangest chase that can be imagined. There is practically no way to guide a parachute. It must be left to descend of itself. We had a long start but Payton was following the same line, and it was evident that he would touch the earth in almost the same spot. But I was not dismayed and I felt wrought up to a heroic temper when Miss Grayman clung to my arm sobbing:

"Oh, sir, help us! Save us! My God, what will become of me?"

"Have no fear, Miss Grayman," I said, summoning all the steadiness of nerve that I possessed. "I will save you."

There must have been a great deal of meaning and of encouragement in my words, for a faint color and a look of relief came into the girl's wan face. Then she bestowed upon me a glance of thankfulness that made my heart bound.

Save her! I would have encountered an army in her cause.

I was too anxious that we should make a safe landing to pay much attention to Payton at present. I inspected the ground beneath us, and saw, as we got nearer, that we were likely to come down in a marsh. But there was solid ground, brush covered, near, and by desperate exertions, throwing all my weight to one side, I succeeded in swaying the parachute toward the drier land, so that finally we struck in a very good place, the basket alighting with but a slight shock in a clump of low, leafy bushes.

I had hardly assisted Miss Grayman and the maid out of the tangle when there was a splash in the water close by, announcing the arrival of Payton's parachute. I heard one of his men swear horribly at the fix in which they found themselves, for the water, with the soft mud under it, must have been three feet deep.

In a moment I thought of trying to take them at a disadvantage, shooting them down before they could extricate themselves. But I could not see their exact location, and the time that would be lost in getting sight of them might be better employed in seeking a place of greater security for ourselves, especially as it was by no means certain that they could not use their weapons where they were, and there were three of them against me.

Looking around, my eyes lighted upon a pile of great rocks, which rose above the brushwood not more than 30 rods from where we stood.

"Come," I said, taking Miss Grayman's hand, "we shall be safer on those rocks."

She was trembling like a leaf and the maid could hardly stand.

"Miss Grayman," I said, putting all my heart into my words, "you must please have confidence in me. I have left your father in the aero, and I hope that he, with plenty of help, will be able soon to reach us. In the meantime, trust in me. I would give up my life to protest you, and I know that I can protect you. I am an officer in the service of the United States government, and the secretary of the treasury himself is with your father in the aero. You know that we have destroyed Payton's Chameleon, and he himself will soon be in our hands. It needs only a little courage and confidence on your part in order that all shall come out well."

During this speech I had been hurrying them forward toward the rocks, for I heard the floundering of Payton and his men in the marsh, and knew that they were fast extricating themselves. My words had the happiest effect upon Miss Grayman. She glanced at me with the first cheerful look that I had seen upon her face—a glance which told me that she did trust me; then she asked:

"What is your name, please?"

"I am Lieutenant John Allen, of the revenue service, and in command of the expedition fitted out by Secretary Grantham for your rescue."

"Lieutenant Allan," she replied, "you have performed an act of splendid daring; may God reward you for it!"

My heart thumped against my ribs, but I made no attempt to reply. Instead, I quickened our steps. In a few minutes more we had reached the rocks.

There was a clear space around them, and they were rough and precipitous. "An excellent fortification," I said to myself.

The highest point may have been 40 feet above the surrounding plain. I immediately scrambled up, drawing the girls after me. When we reached the top we found a slight depression in which we could conceal ourselves from the eyes of any person below, while from the rim I could command the approaches on every side. I placed Miss Grayman and Susan where they were perfectly protected, and then, pistol in hand, crept to the edge and carefully looked over in the direction of the marsh.

Afar off I saw the Osprey speeding away on the course that I had given her, and which they had evidently been unable to control. The Chameleon still hung tattered overhead, slowly circling. I had scarcely raised my head a little higher when I caught sigth of Payton in the brush, calling and gesticulating to his men, who soon came into sight behind him. They were all dripping and bedaubed with mud, and a more savage looking trio I never beheld. To my dismay, I saw that they all carried rifles.

I had no weapon but my automatic pistol, which contained 10 shots, besides 20 in my belt. It was a slight preparation for a siege, but I had the advantage of the natural fortification of the rocks.

And now a new cause of anxiety presented itself. It was evident that the Chameleon was gradually being brought to earth. I saw signals exchanged between her and Payton. But at the same time, he did not neglect to make sure of our location. His men on the Chameleon had seen us, and I saw from their motions that they were pointing us out.

He knew how to manage his campaign. He sent his two men around to the northeast and northwest sides, while he himself guarded the south. Then we were surrounded. If the Chameleon had been manageable, of course he would have ordered her to drop straight upon us.

The question now was, how large a reinforcement would Payton receive when his aero succeeded in landing?

I asked Miss Grayman if she knew how many men Payton had left, for I was sure that all could not have escaped our murderous fire. She replied that she thought five had fallen. In that case, our enemies would number only five in all, and Payton's accession of force would be two men. Still, it would be terrible odds, since they had guns and I only a pistol.

(To be continued.)

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.; and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

The Farmstead

EARTH CLOSETS FOR FARMS

SKETCH OF EARTH-CLOSET AS BUILT

One great disadvantage of life in the country is the makeshift arrangements which often have to serve in place of a water closet. It is not alone the cost of plumbing that makes water closets such a luxury, but the cost of getting an adequate water supply and putting in a disposal system.

The substitute for the water closet is too often the ordinary privy with its vault, which, whether it be a tight or a leaching one, is always a source of danger to near-by wells, and can never be made anything but a nuisance.

The earth closet, as every one knows, is a safe and efficient system, but it is usually badly managed and only half taken care of. Improper materials are used in it, and it is altogether a bother. A satisfactory earth closet can be made, however, in the following manner.

A section of twelve-inch vitrified drain pipe is used as a receptacle, the end with the collar being uppermost and touching the under side of the seat. The lower end is a foot from the ground and can be reached from the back, where there is a small swinging door.

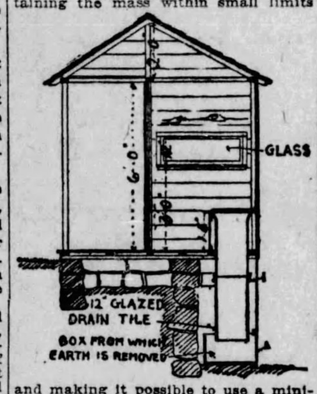
Two sections of pipe might be better, if the ground slopes, allowing a greater height at the back, as it would take longer for the earth to pass through, but we found that the disintegration and deodorization were complete in summer in one length of pipe if the time taken for the earth to pass through it was about ten days. It is safe to allow one length of pipe for every three persons.

Once a week a wheelbarrow load of good earth, rotten sods or leaf mold is put in the boxes at the sides of the pipe (where it can be reached by raising the whole seat, which is hinged at the back and a barrow load is taken out at the bottom of the pipe and returned to the garden.

The pipe is never emptied completely, but a continuous process of putting in at the top and taking out at the botom goes on, so that the waste is completely absorbed and broken down by bacteria.

It is important to use good, moist earth, full of humus, and light and friable. Sand or road dust will not do, because it lacks the bacteria, and the process is then one of oxidization, which means the loss of all the valuable fertilizing elements; and it pays to save these for the garden. Earth is pleasant to use and seems to have a deodorizing quality not possessed by sand.

The distinct advantage of the tile pipe is its clean, non-absorbent surface (it can be washed off weekly with hot water), its round shape, containing the mass within small limits



and making it possible to use a minimum quantity of earth with the most effect.

In practice two scoopfuls (less than a quart) is sufficient to cover. The pipe is easy to empty with a shovel, much easier than it is to take out a heavy pailful or than it is to have a box drawn away to be emptied. And there are no drafts in such a closet.—C. D. Lay.

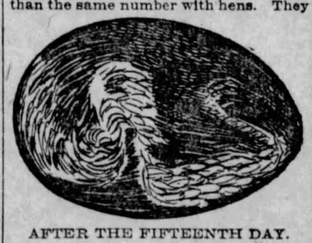
BUILDING UP THE FLOCK

I would not think of depending altogether on old biddy to do the hatching. There is a great advantage over the sitting hen in using the incubator and brooder. The incubator never leaves the eggs, is always ready, will care for as many as fifteen hens and with as little bother as one hen, and there are no smashed and dirty eggs to wash and fresh nests to make. My incubator is a 150-egg machine, hot water make, and is a very god ont.

FERTILIZED EGG ON SIXTH DAY.

I feed chiefly corn and oats, some wheat, some poultry powder and the vegetable scraps. The feed consumed was worth about $60, which was really more than it would have been if they could have had free range, but as we have very close neighbors I have to keep my chickens penned in a good part of the year to keep them out of mischief.

Chickens raised in brooders are easier cared for than those with hens, as it takes a great deal less time to feed and water chicks in a brooder than the same number with hens. They



AFTER THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

are much tamer and can be gathered out of the storm more quickly than with a flighty hen.

If brooders are kept thoroughly clean there is no danger of lice. I have taken chicks hatched with hens and placed them in a shoe box containing one part of insect powder and two parts of sulphur, mixed well together, put the lid on the box and shaken the box back and forth until the chickens were well covered with the powder, then placed them in a basket lined with paper, covered them carefully with some old garment and left them an hour or so. It is surprising the number of lice there may be in the basket but the chicks are free and can be placed in a brooder without fear of making it lousy. I use plenty of crude carbolic acid as a disinfectant, putting a teaspoonful to a gallon of drinking water if the chickens show any signs of cholera.

Last year I made pone for the little chicks. When I took them out of the incubator I had the brooder nice and warm, lined with paper and on that a layer of chaf from the hay and threw in a handful of fine grit for them to pick at and gave them nothing more until the next morning. I then gave them pone made as follows: One quart of corn and oats ground together half and half, one quart of bran, one teaspoonful of soda and two tablespoonfuls of Hess' poultry panacea, mixed with sour milk to a very stiff dough and baked several hours.

I would take a small piece and pour boiling water over it and as soon as it was soaked through I would squeeze it as dry as possible and feed as much as they would eat early in the morining then in a couple of hours give them wheat ground in the coffeemill, also parched corn ground the same as the wheat. I feed in this manner four or five times a day for a week or ten days; then feed only three times a day. After they were two weeks old I quit feeding pone and gave them whole wheat and coarse ground corn and oats. I kept broiler teeth (which is crystal grit, bone and oyster shells mixed together and made a fine enough for the least chicks) bran and charcoal by them all the time, with plenty of drinking water, and how they did grow!

JUST BEFORE HATCHING.

I sold a nice lot of them at 11 weeks old that weighed nearly two pounds each.—Mrs. Mary Hirschfield, Ohio.

AVOID CHEAP FERTILIZERS

Farmers are continually being reminded that low-grade fertilizer should be avoided. These cheap mixtures have nothing to commend them to those who would create a demand for them except their apparent cheapness. However, it is safe to assume that this cheapness is only apparent, because the cost to the user of the actual plant food contained in cheap fertilizers (which are of poor quality necessarily) is certainly not less than that of the same amount of plant food in goods of a higher grade. No "off grade" fertilizer should be sold. Dealers should not handle them because they happen to carry a more attractive margin of profit, and manufacturers should not make them, because those who understand their business know that farmers should not buy them. If a purchaser desires a complete fertilizer he should seek a good one. The sale of a mixture consisting of acid phosphate with small amounts of materials supplying nitrogen and potash should be discouraged by all dealers and makers who have the best interests of the business at heart.

Complete fertilizers should be guaranteed to contain not less than 1.65 to 2 per cent of nitrogen and 1.50 to 2 per cent of potash. Mixtures containing, e. g., 0.82 per cent of nitrogen certainly cannot be advised. These cheap fertilizers can find no extensive market except that resulting from incorrect ideas in regard to actual plant food values, and they have some tendency to demoralize the trade in meritorious goods.

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The Engine Runs on COAL OIL at a Fraction of Cost of Gasoline.

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Any engine you want, from 2 to 20 H.P., sent on 15 days' free trial—tested immediately before shipping and ready to run. If dissatisfied—every dollar you have paid us for the engine cheerfully refunded. Prices lowest ever known for high-grade, guaranteed engines.

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Girl Helps Fight Fire.

Lady's Pictorial.

An interesting and unusual incident took plaec at the Hurstpierpoint Volunteer Fire Brigade's annual competition, held on the recreation ground recently—the presentation of a silver rose vase by the brigade to Miss D. Laurence-Smith, in recognition of the valuable assistances she gave the fire brigade with whom she worked 12 hours continuously at a recent farm fire at Blackstone.

Capt. Pearsey, in command of the brigade, asked Mrs. Borrer, who distributed the prizes after the competition, to make the presentation on behalf of himself and his men. Miss Lawrence-Smith acknowledged the gift in a few words, and hearty cheers were given.

The scarcest of all British postage stamps is the two-penny stamp of a new design which was ready for issue at the time of King Edward's death. It was not placed on sale, and the postmaster general has decided to destroy the entire stock, with the exception of a few specimens for King George's album, the British museum and the postoffice museum at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

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QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I find that crude coal tar, used as a roof paint, is too thick for application on ortdinary temperatures, and even when well sanded is not durable.

The first trouble may be overcome by appyling in hot weather or by heating. Might be helped by thinning with linseed oil, turpentine or benzine. Might its durability be improved by adding linseed oil, rosin or other material? Any information will be appreciated. C., Stiffton, Ky.

Will some reader of The Farmstead tell me the best way to sugarcure pork to make good hams and bacon?—K., East Liverpool, O.

Will some reader kindly tell me how much white mustard seed is required to keep cider sweet—how much per gallon or barrel? Also, any other method that will not spoil the taste will be thankully received.—C., Athens, O.

COLD THAT KILLS FRUIT

According to an experiment by the Colorado station, apple blossoms, when the buds show pink, will stand 20 degrees above zero, and when in full blossom will endure 26 degrees. Pears endure about the same cold as apples, and peaches in full blossom are not injured below 28 degrees. Some growers of the state criticise the station findings and claim that under some conditions apples were liable to be blighted at temperatures not below 20 degrees.

HABITS OF GUINEA FOWL

Guinea fowls prefer to mate in pairs. Where there are more females than males they will go in trios, or at times the males will mate with as many as three guinea hens; but where there are more males than females, there is always a great deal of quarreling.

The guinea hens will lay from 30 to 70 eggs in a season. They love to hide their nests away under stumps or in out of the way places where it is difficult to find them; but if they are watched carefully they will be seen playing about their nesting places. When the nest is found, some of the eggs may be taken away, but not all of them should be removed, for if this is done the guinea hen is apt to desert her nest. The best way to succeed with raising guineas is to hunt for their nests until you have located them, take some of the eggs away occasionally, and set them under hens if small size; Cochin or Brahma bantams answer well. Permit the hens to hatch the eggs and care for and rear the young. When they are old enough to care for themselves, they will naturally wander away with the flocks which have been hatched and reared by the guinea hens themselves.

Young guineas should be cared for and fed the same as young chicks, except that they must be fed more frequently and the particles of grain and bread given them the first few days must be very small. When confined in brood coops with hens or mother guineas, they must be shut in closely, or they will run out and become guinea hens or carefully guarded and kept within bounds, or many of them will be lost. Guinea hens and turkeys are quite alike in their nature. Both like to hide their nests away, hatch, and rear their own young, unmolested by other fowl, but many are lost in this way, and it is well to keep them under control until they are fairly well started. It requires 26 days to hatch the eggs of guinea hens. Among the very best foods for young guineas and turkeys nothing is better than a custard made of milk and eggs and thickened a little with flour or cornstarch and thoroughly well cooked. A little of this miked with corn meal or wheat bread may be fed to the young fowls, but it should be mixed as nearly dry as possible before feeding. Turkey poults and guinea keets do well on this. They should have water to drink whenever they will go to a water pan or fountain and help themselves.

It is difficult to tell sexes of the guinea fowl. The male has, to the experienced eye, a more masculine appearance. The head and helmet or comb, are larger, but these are quite as large on an old guinea hen as on the young male guinea. The male has a harsher, more masculine call than has the female, and when the male becomes excited he runs about on tiptoes and is very elastic in step. The female walks more like chicken hens.

Guinea hens are thought to drive away hawks and other marauders through their call. While this is partially true, the facts are that the guinea fowls will start up a chatter when hawks or other marauders come about—they will even show great excitement when strange dogs or people come upon the place, and in this way they sound the alarm, which, if heeded, will bring some one upon the premises to frighten away the hawks or animals.

Guinea fowl prefer to live largely out in the open. They will go inside of poultry houses and roost with the other fowl when the weather is very cold, or if the poultry house is located quite a distance from the dwelling they are apt to go in and roost, but whenever the poultry house is frequented by attendants about roosting time, they will go away and roost in the trees rather than go into the building when people are about.

FARMERS ARE PROSPEROUS

In writing on the prosperity of the American farmer Arthur Brisbane, the highest salaried newspaper editor in the United States, says:

"The farmer in all ages has been the under dog, the man kept down and the man who has fed all the others and who has got in return barely enough to feed and clothe himself.

"The farmer has always been the last in the world's history to share in better conditions. But his turn in America appears to have come.

"The farmer, though you may not as he ever was in the history of America.

"Th efarmer, though you may not know it, buys half of all the automobiles made in America, or more than half!

"The farmer now gets for his hogs, alive and squealing on the hoof, just double the amount that he was very glad to get a few years ago.

"He gets more for his wheat, for his corn, his eggs, his butter and milk.

"And, besides getting bigger prices, the farmer, thanks to scientific agriculture, gets more out of each acre.

"You understand, of course, that every dollar added to the price the farmer receives for food produced means a dollar added to the cost of living.

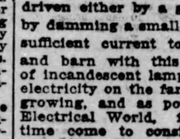
"The middleman simply add to the price he charges you every increase in the price paid to the farmer.

"It would be impossible to say just how much the income of the farmers has been increased during the past years, but the sum is enormous, running into the thousands of millions."

XMAS POST CARDS FREE

I have bought five million Christmas Post Cards, the very latest 1911 designs. Christmas Bells, Crosses, Santa Clauses, Holly, Wreaths, Scenes, Greetings, Chimneys, Little Boys and Girls, Mottoes, Engravings, etc. All kinds of Christmas designs, most artistically reproduced in their natural colors and in the most pleasing way possible on the finest coated card board. Send me only two two cent stamps to pay postage and wrapping and I will send you a set of 10 beautiful Christmas souvenir post cards. Don't put it off until the last minute because I want to tell you about my BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE that I have for everyone who writes me and sends me two two cent stamps. Do you want to know the secret of the BIG CHRISTMAS SURPRISE? Address E. T. Meredith, Box 234 DesMoines, Iowa.

I Treat Eyes Free



For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, it costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, wild hairs, cataracts, scums, all eye diseases and failure of sight. I will send a full course of remedies with eye cup by mail, charges prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me; describe your case. Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 398, DesMoines, Ia.

CORN IS A GOOD FEED FOR COWS

The dairyman finds that corn has the largest place of any of the farm crops in his business of milk production. Of the two principal nutrients required by the dairy cow yields on in the most wholesome form in the largest amount per acre of any crop. This means that when milk production is considered economically, corn and alfalfa must be recognized as constituting the main part of a cow's feed. They balance each other as well as any other combination of two feeds.

Owing to the fact that corn can be made into silage successfully to supplant the need of green feed during the winter months, thus stimulating the flow of milk, it is of double value to the dairyman. In this respect it has no equal. Where men have tried to produce milk on silage alone they have failed, as the corn plant is deficient in protein, so necessary for muscle building and for supplying nourishment to the cells. Therefore alfalfa, or a like feed must be given to furnish the protein. As a "tonic" corn ranks high, and no matter what investigation may show as to the superiority of protein feeds, corn must always be used as a part, though not all, of a ration for dairy cows.

Corn also is food for calves fed on skim-milk, since it supplies the fat removed by the skimming of the milk. Ground corn is better than offmeal, bran or shorts, since the latter are rich and poor in the same constituents and much in the same proportion as skim-milk.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ON FARMS

The introduction of tungsten lamps is doing much to advance the use of electricity on farms. It is possible for the farmer with a small plant driven either by a gasoline engine or by damming a small stream, to obtain sufficient current to light his house and barn with this economical type of incandescent lamp. The use of electricity on the farm, by the way, is growing, and as pointed out by the Electrical World, farmers will in time come to consider electricity a necessity. Then it will be found profitable to establish central generating stations for farming districts to take the place of the small individual plants now being installed.

Make Big Money Training Horses

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

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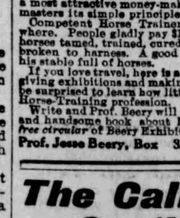

Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the greatest master horseman. His exhibitions of taming and killing horses, and conquering horses in battle thrill audiences everywhere.

He is now teaching his marvelously successful methods to others, his system of Horse Taming and Colt Breaking opens a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

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Make Your Own Building Blocks, Silo Blocks, Drain Tile and Fence Posts

With Our Low Cost Machinery any Farmer Can Make His Own Building Blocks, Drain Tile and Fence Posts at a Big Saving in Cost

For the farmer owning a sand pit, gravel pit, or a stone quarry or who lives near one or more of these, where this material may be had simply for the hauling, cement is the cheapest and best building material he can use. Enough Portland Cement to make a building block 8x8x16 inches costs about two or three cents. For most farmers the gravel or crushed stone and sand costs nothing at all but the hauling and the building blocks, drain tile and fence posts may be made at odd times when it is impossible to do other work on the farm. This enables the average farmer to build farm buildings of all kinds at the lowest possible cost, frequently for one half and even one third contractors' prices, and build better buildings than he would have if he used any other known material.

This is the age of cement, its use has become almost universal, it is the ideal material for use on the farm, not only because it is inexpensive, most farmers having all the raw materials necessary with the single exception of cement, but because it lasts practically forever and is fireproof. No farmer has adequate fire protection, therefore, he ought to erect buildings as nearly fireproof as possible. Cement block walls, cement floors, cement pillars, cement roofs, will not burn. Cement drain tiles are better than the old clay tile, because they are porous and their strength increases with age. Cement fence posts are cheaper and better than wooden fence posts, they last forever, fires along the roadsides do not effect them. Cement for the silo, cement for the pig pens, feeding yards—in short, cement is ideal for every building purpose on the farm, because it is cheaper in the beginning and lasts practically forever without renewal, and is fireproof.

We sell cement working machinery of every kind at the lowest possible prices. We sell cement block machines at one-third the prices asked by many manufacturers and dealers. We have everything in cement machinery—all kinds of building block machines, silo machines, chimney molds, porch column molds, drain tile molds, fence post molds, concrete mixers, all guaranteed machinery sold way below competition.

You should send for our Free Cement Building Block Catalog

Our machines are simple. Anyone can operate them successfully and they are sold way below usual prices.

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CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. Germea Institute, Germea Building, Kansas City, Mo.

An Expansive Little Water Snake.

New York Sun.

Not every creature can swallow another larger than itself, but there is a little water snake at the Aquarium that does so handily. This water snake is a foot and a half long and about as big around as a big lead pencil, say a scant five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, but will corner and capture a killifish an inch and a half long and close to half an inch in diameter and gulp it down whole easily.

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IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ROADS

By Professor W. C. Palmer, Agricultural College, North Dakota.

The value of good roads is often not appreciated by the farmers as much as it should be. Of course, the burden of making the better roads falls directly on them, which is another side to the problem. The average cost of hauling a ton one mile on the ordinary country roads is 25 cents, while the average price of hauling one ton one mile on the railroads is three-quarters of one cent. In other words, the cost of hauling is 33 times as much with team and wagon as with steam. This has been accomplished by a number of factors. Some of these can be and must be considered in making good roads, that is, to have a good, hard roadbed and to eliminate grades. The railroads do not, as a rule, have a grade of more than 3 per cent; some of them have adopted 2 per cent as the maximum grade. Two per cent would mean a rise of two feet in 100 feet. This would not be considered much of a grade on the ordinary road, but this is the way it works out:

A team can exert a pull of a short distance of one-half its weight, but for ordinary work the load it can pull should not be over one-tenth the weight of the team. For instance, a team weighing 3,000 pounds can exert a pull of 300 pounds—that is, when it is to continue the work for, say, 10 hours; while for a small stretch it would be able to exert a pull of 1,500 pounds. This, however, is putting forth all the energy of which they are capable. It has also been found that the pull required to take a ton over the ordinary roads is 160 pounds. Supposing, then, that the load is one ton and the wagon weighs 1,300 pounds; this would make a total of 3,300 pounds, and at the rate of 160 pounds per ton would make a total of 3,300 pounds, and at the rate of 160 pounds per ton would make a total of 264 pounds—a little less than the team is capable of hauling. In fact, it could very nuicely handle 500 pounds more, which would bring the pull up to 300 pounds, and making the load 2,500 pounds. This, however, is for the level. As a grade is approached, this, of course, will be increased. A 5 per cent grade would increase the draft of the wagon and load of 3,300 pounds by 315 pounds, bringing it up to 579 pounds, which is almost twice what the team can handle as a regular thing. If the grade is increased to 20 per cent, or 20 feet in a hundred feet, the draft on this same load would come to a little over 1,500 pounds, or the maximum that this team could pull when exerting its utmost power. Any grade beyond this would mean that the load would have to be reduced, and in fact no team should be required to have to pull to its maximum capacity. From this, then, it is evident that increasing the grade increases the draft very fast, and hence grades should be eliminated as far as it is possible.

On a macadam road a team can pull three times as much on the level as on a good earth road, but the increase in draft upgrade remains the same as on the earth road, so that a grade would be more objectionable on a macadam road than on a poor road. On the level a 3,000-pound team could easily handle four tons, while the maximum grade that it could pull up with such a load would be a 10 per cent grade, and even that is more than should be expected from the team.

There is a very marked tendency in the west of running roads on the section lines. This is good where the land is level, but where there are hills it is usually advisable to go around rather than go over them, at least where this can be done, and thus avoid a steeper grade. There is also this objection to cuts and fills that it brings up a soil that is not good for roadmaking and one that washes easily, and the expense of cutting down hills is usually greater than would be the cost of buying a right of way around the hill, and thus avoid the grade. Railroad engineers will make considerable curves in the roads in order to avoid grades and they have the problem very carefully studied out, and they will often make a detour of a good many miles in order to avoid a grade.

Having to haul the produce from the farm to the market over a poor road adds to the cost of production, and again a good road that can be repended on in all seasons brings the farmers several miles nearer town and it also increases the value of the land considerably, as the buyer will pal quite a bit more for land that he can reach with a good road than for land that is hard to reach on account of poor roads, due tieher to steep grades or to the poor quality of the roadbed. The main thing in a new country, however, is getting the roads laid out in the right place, as it is not an easy matter to change them after they have once been established and money expended on them.

HOW TO INOCULATE LEGUMES

By Karl F. Kellerman, Plant Physiologist United States Department of Agriculture.

The value of legumes—plants belonging to the pea family, such as clovers, alfalfa, cowpeas, soy beans, peanuts, field peas, vetch, etc.—as green manures or soil renovators is due to certain bacteria which develop nodules upon the roots of these plants and which have the power of rendering the free nitrogen of the air available for plant growth. Without these bacteria, legumes, like other crops, exhaust the soil of its combined nitrogen. In many regions certain types of these important bacteria are abundant in the soil; in other localities they must be imported, or, in other words, the leguminous crop to be grown there must be inoculated.

The inoculation of a new field may be secured either by the soil-transfer method of by the use of pure cultures of the proper bacteria.

It is useless to attempt to benefit crops other than legumes by treatment with legume cultures. The only way by which a nonleguminous crop, such as corn or cotton, can be benefited by the legume bacteria is either to grow an inoculated leguminous crop the previous year and turn under the stubble or even the entire crop as a green manure, or to grow an inoculated leguminous crop between the rows of the crop which it is desired to benefit. No great increase in crop can be expected from the latter method.

Extensive experiments conducted by the bureau of plant industry, as well as experiments carried on by other investigators in this country and in Europe, have demonstrated conclusive y that each species of legume may be inoculated more successfully by using the bacteria isolated from that species than by using bacteria isolated from some other species In other words, the red clover bacteria, which will produce a very successful inoculation when applied to a crop of red clover, will give little, if any beneficial action when applied to cowpeas or soy beans and vice versa.

The soil-transfer method consists in scattering over the new ground, at the rate of 200 or 300 pounds to the acre, soil either from a healthy old field of the same crop or from a new field of the same crop that shows abundance of nodules on the roots. To facilitate even scattering the inoculated soil should be thoroughly mixed with several times its weight of ordinary soil, and may be either drilled or broadcasted. If the soil is broadcasted it should be harrowed in immediately, and if possible this should be done toward evening or on a cloudy day, as bright sunshine is very harmful to the bacteria.

The method of inoculation by pure cultures depends to a certain extent upon the type of culture which may be used. Generally speaking, however, a bottle of pure culture of the proper kind of bacteria is opened shortly before the seed is to be planted and the culture mixed with the proper quantity of water and applied to the seed in such a way that all of the seed may be moistened, though not soaked. The seed should be planted as soon as practicable after this treatment; that is, as soon as it is sufficiently dry for convenient handling. Drying may be facilitated by adding dry, sifted earth, preferably from the field in which the leguminous crop is to be grown. It is undesirable to store inoculated seed, as the nodule bacteria often die out rapidly after the seed has been treated with the pure cultures and dried. Inoculated seed should never be dried in the sun. It is also possible to thoroughly mix the pure culture with a considerable quantity of soil, preferably from the field where the legume is to be sown. The treated soil can then be distributed in the same manner as when inoculating by the use of soil from an old field.

The advantages of the artificial cultures lie in the greater ease of their transportation and application as well as in the absence of danger of introducing harmful weeds or plant diseases, although this method of inoculation, especially in the case of alfalfa, is less certain than the soil-transfer method previously described.

Attempts to secure inoculation either by the use of pure cultures or by the use of soil from old, well-inoculated fields will fail if the crop which is being experimented with is not adapted to the locality or if the climatic conditions during the growing season are unfavorable.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

When was Mason and Dixon's line surveyed between Pennsylvania and Maryland and for what purpose?—J. S. B., Aspinwall, Pa.

Mason and Dixon's line was the name given to the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was surveyed in 1763-7 by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two English civil engineers. This survey was intended to settle a number of long-standing border disputes between the two colonies. It ran due west, in north latitude 39 degrees, 43 minutes, 26.3 seconds for 245 miles. The line was resurveyed in 1849, but so carefully had the work been done it was not found necessary to make any change in the line. During the exciting debates in congress in 1820 on the question of admitting Missouri as a slave state, John Randolph first referred to Mason and Dixon's line as the figurative boundary line between free and slave territory. In this sense it has ever since been used.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL

Will you please publish Washington's farewell address as I am not able to find it in any book?—E. D. L., Belvidere, Ill.

On Thursday, December 4, 1783, Washington met his officers, yet remaining in service, at his quarters in New York, for the last time. The scene as described by Marshall, one of the best early biographers, was one of great tenderness. The commander-in-chief entered the room where they were all waiting, and taking a glass of water in his hand, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most heartily wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each shall come and take me by the hand."

HISTORY OF THE NOVEL

Will you please tell where, when and by whom the first novel was written?—M. A. W., Shelby, N. C.

The modern English novel may be said to date from Defoe, though Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were on the order of the novel. But Defoe's Robinson Crusoe and others are stories that relate of adventures in detail. After Defoe came Swift and his satirical writings such as Gulliver's Travels. These two writers told of extraordinary adventures, while the novel of every day life was improved by Richardson. Fielding and Smollett. Through the productions of Richardson are of great length, yet their accumulation of delicate light and shade, the knowledge of human sentiments and passions they display, and the earnestness with which they enlisted the affections on the side of virtue, made them a great advance on their predecessors. The novels of Fielding are less sentimental, but contain other admirable qualities and a thorough knowledge of all sections of English life. Smollett's characters are more eccentric. The next novelist of note was Sterne, and soon after Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield appeared. From this time till the beginning of the 19th century no work of fiction of high rank appeared. Then came Miss Austin and Miss Edgeworth and their tales of domestic and everyday life. Sir Walter Scott followed with the historical romance which was a new department of English literature. Scott raised novel writing to a higher standard than had ever been known before. Since Scott there has been many English novelists of more or less renown. Among the best of these are Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, Kingsley, Anthony Trollope and many others.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS

Will you please tell how to take grass stains out of light woolen trousers so that it will not harm the cloth?—L. H., Gladwin, Mich.

To remove grass stains from light woolen trousers apply some gasoline and rub into the cloth. After doing this for a few minutes rub some good soap and water on the spot. After drying there will be no stain visible. Gasoline alone will not do as it leaves marks, but everything is restored to its former color and condition after both the gasoline and the soap have been applied.

SPIRITUALISM

Please tell what you can about spiritualism in the columns of the Question Bureau.—G. P., West Valley, New York.

Spiritualism is the belief that disembodied spirits can and do communicate with the living, especially through the agency of a person particularly susceptible to spiritualistic influences, called a medium. The various doctrines and theories founded upon this belief are collectively known as spiritualism. Spiritualism originated in its modern form in New York in 1848, and since that time has extended over all the United States and Europe. In books which explain spiritualism there are 24 different classes of mediums mentioned. Among the chief methods of communications are rappings, tabletippings, writing and speaking; in the latter form of communication the medium is supposed to be fully possessed by the spirits for the time being. There is no formal system of theology for this belief. Many of the advocates claim that spirit communications are providential interventions for the purpose of inculcating the doctrine of immortality, and counteracting the material tendencies of the age. The meetings where these communications are made are called seances.

THE REFERENDUM

Please tell what is meant by referendum.—H. T. S., Ottumwa, Ia.

Referendum is a reference to the popular vote of a question whether a measure shall become a law. American state constitutions and amendments thereto are adopted by popular vote, and special measures are sometimes submitted by legislative action to the decision of the electors. In some cantons of Switzerland a method resembling the referendum has been practiced since the sixteenth century. According to the Swiss amendments must be ratified by the Swiss electorate before they become law. Other measures must be submitted to the popular vote. From 1874 to 1891, out of 149 laws, 27 were referred to the people; of these 15 were rejected. The referendum is now generally regarded as a check on hasty and class legislation.

GEN. HENRY W. SLOCUM

I would like for The Blade to give me a short sketch of the life of General Slocum of the Civil war. A. W. S., Snedekerville, Pa.

Henry Warner Slocum, the American soldier, was born September 24, 1827, and died April 14, 1894. He graduated from West Point, but resigned his commission and started to practice law. When the Civil war broke out Slocum was commissioned colonel of volunteers in the Union army. He was at the first battle of Bull Run, was made brigadier-general in 1861, and major-general the following year. He commanded a corps of the left wing of Sherman's army which led in the march to the sea. After the war he resigned and resumed the practice of law in Brooklyn. From 1869 to 1873 he was a member of congress.

GRACE GREENWOOD

Please tell something concerning the life of Grace Greenwood.—M. A. W., Dowagiac, Mich.

Sarah Jane Clarke Lippincott, or Grace Greenwood, the author, was born September 23, 1823. While a school girl she developed a talent for writing, occasionally publishing verses under her own name. Her first prose contribution was made when she was 20 years of age. It was published in a New York paper under the name of Grace Greenwood. She then adopted literature as a profession, her writings being published in many of the leading papers and magazines of that time. In 1850 she married Leander Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and traveled extensively during that year in England and on the Continent. When she returned to her home the following year she established and edited a monthly magazine for children which was very popular for some years. Besides applying herself to juvenile literature she was closely connected with periodical literature, both as an editor and contributor. She also gave dramatic readings, and during the Civil war visited camps and hospitals to lecture the soldiers. She is best known by her correspondence in later years to largest papers of the country.

WIDOWS OF PRESIDENTS

Please give the names of our presidents' widows who are still living. Also give the date of Mrs. McKinley's death. —J. L. R., Liberty, Ind.

The presidents' widows who are still living are Mrs. Cleveland and the second wife of President Harrison. Mrs. McKinley died in the year 1907.

JAMES L. ALLEN

Please tell what you can about James L. Allen.—H. A. W., Atlanta, N. Y.

Mr. James Lane Allen comes from Scotch-Irish ancestry who in the revolutionary days belonged to the state of Pennsylvania. He was born on a farm near Lexington and spent his early childhood days there. In 1872 he was graduated from the Transylvania university in Kentucky. Later he taught school and finally accepted a chair in his alma mater, where he remained until elected to a higher position in Bethany college, West Virginia. In 1884 he gave up teaching and went to New York, where he began his career as a writer. He is very tall, and the general impression is that he appears more like a soldier than a novelist.

Some few years ago a few stories by an unknown writer found many readers and won many friends for the author, James Lane Allen. This man came from long years of silence and seclusion full of inspiration, his passionate love of nature transfiguring life, and "shaming it out of its ordinariness." He is extremely sensitive to beauty and has a pleasing delineation of its finer qualities. All of his literary work shows his painstaking conscientiousness, and even his first published efforts show no signs of immaturity. His success came slowly, but his earlier books are still read, and this fact means a great deal in these days of overrated reputations which sometimes come to new writers. His work has been closely associated with his native state, and the life and scenes of his best books are here. Before beginning his last book Mr. Allen said that his former sketches had been "merely the first of his apprenticeship." That th's "apprenticeship" had been most satisfactory to the reading public was clearly demonstrated when 70,000 copies of this book were sold as soon as it appeared. When "The Kentucky Cardinal" and its sequel, Aftermath, were published in book form they had a very large sale. For the past two years he has been working on a story dealing with the hemp fields of Kentucky, which has recently appeared bearing the title The Reign of Law. In a paper entitled The Gentleman In Literature Mr. Allen says: "A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall; they keep the same level, they rise together. True, a man may be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them." In addition to the books named Mr. Allen has written Flute and Violin, The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, Summer in Arcady and some short sketches.

MARCUS M. POMEROY

I would like to have the Question Bureau please give me a short sketch of the life of Marcus M. Pomeroy.—J. D., Coalburg, O.

Marcus Mills Pomeroy, known as Brick Pomeroy, the American journalist and humorist, was born December 25, 1833, and died May 30, 1896. When very young he was apprenticed to the printer's trade. Pomeroy established several papers in New York state, and in 1857 moved to Wisconsin where he successfully conducted the "Horicon Argus." Later he went to Milwaukee where he edited the "News," also securing an interest in another newspaper in La Crosse, Wis. After the Civil war he founded the "Daily Democrat," which in 1887 was merged in "Pomeroy's Advanced Thought."

GERRYMANDER

What is the meaning of the expression gerrymander as used in politics?—G. T. L., Hart, Mich.

When Elbridge Gerry was elected Democratic governor of Massachusetts in 1811, the state was such a bitter one that the Democrats eagerly desired to keep the power gained with such difficulty. To do this, they rearranged the senatorial districts of the state, dividing them arbitrarily and solely for political uses without heeding in any manner the necessities and comfort of residents. The signature of Governor Gerry legalized the matter. Naturally, this high-handed proceeding was bitterly opposed by the opposing Federal faction. Amongst others, the veteran editor of the Boston Centinel (then spelled with a "C"), who had fought it vigorously, hung in his office a map of Essex county, marking in color the political arrangement of towns. Gilbert Stuart, the eminent painter, happening to examine the queerly-marked map, observed that the consequence of towns formed a sort of monster in outline, and with a few strokes of his pencil added the finishing repulsive design. "There," he said, "that will do for a salamander." "Salamander!" said Russell, bitterly. "Call it Gerrymander." And the term ever since has been used to designate the partisan formation of congressional districts.

FRIEDRICH GERSTACKER

Give an account of the life of Friedrich Gerstacker.—Carthon, Ohio.

Friedrich Gerstacker was born in Hamburg in May, 1816, and died in Vienna, May 31, 1872. After a brief term in a commercial school he was apprenticed to a grocer in Calssel, but becoming dissatisfied, he ran away on foot to Bremen, and in the spring of 1837 engaged as a cabin boy on board a vessel bound for New York. He led a wandering and adventurous life in the United States for several years, a part of which was spent as a hunter and trapper among the savages of the Indian territory. In 1843 he returned to Germany and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1849 he set out on a journey around the world, during which he visited South America, California, Australia and Java and returned to Germany in 1852, making his residence at Leipsic. An account of this trip was published under the title of Reisen. During the succeeding four years he published a number of novels. In 1867 he set out on another journey around the world, and after an extended tour returned to Europe and published a number of novels illustrative of the countries through which he had passed. Several of his works have been translated into English.

MISCELLANEOUS

R. M., Vincen, Wis.—Sea-level is the level continuous with that of the surface of the ocean at mean tide.

H. A. L., Staunton, Va.—If you will tell us for what distance you desire the best running record for men we will inform you. Your question is too indefinite.

L. C. T., Hardin, Ky.—John D. Rockefeller resides part of the year in Cleveland and the remainder part in New York. He is a member of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church of the former city.

Fish Starving to Death.

Indianapolis Star.

The report has reached George W. Miles, state fish and game commissioner, that the fish in Tippecanoe lake are dying by the thousands. Dead fresh water herring are said to line the banks.

It was thought first that the garfish were killing them, but an investigation disclosed they are starving to death. Six years ago state fish and game commissioner stopped netting and the herring have multiplied so rapidly that the lake is now literally alive with them. Their food supply is exhausted. They always remain in the deepest places and do not seek food along the shores or in shallow places. They cannot be caught with hooks and Mr. Miles may be compelled to permit netting under strict regulations in order to preserve a limited number of the fish.

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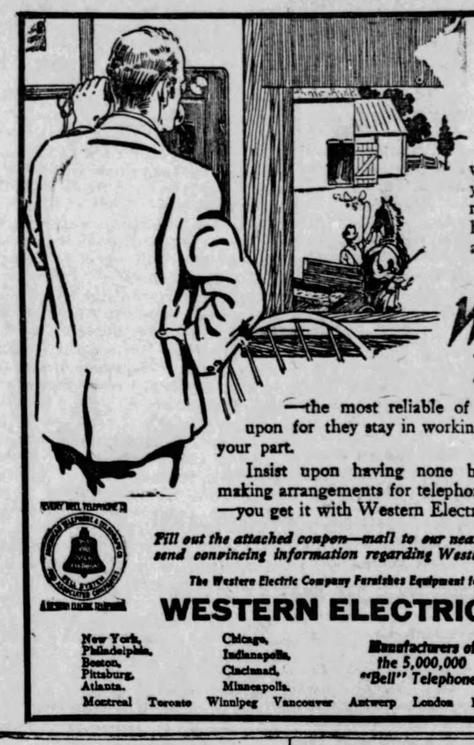

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Give Love Today.

When the lean gray grasses
Cover me, bury me deep,
No sea wind that passes
Shall break my sleep.

When you come, my lover,
Sorrowful-eyed to me,
Earth mine eyes will cover;
I shall not see.

Though with sad words splendid,
Praising, you call me dear,
It will be all ended,
I shall not hear.

You may live love's riot
Laughingly over my head,
But I shall lie quiet
With the gray dead.

Love, you will not wake me
With all your singing carouse,
Nor your dancing shake me
In my dark house.

Though you should go weeping,
Sorrowful for my sake,
Fain to break my sleeping,
I could not wake.

Now, ere time destroy us—
Shadows beneath and above;
Death has no song joyous,
Nor dead men love—

Now, while deep-eyed, golden,
Love on the mountain sings,
Let him be close holden;
Fetter his wings.

Love, nor joy nor sorrow
Troubles the end of day;
Leave the Fates tomorrow;
Give love to day. —Ethel Talbot.

Aged Hunter Saved by His Dog.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Ebenezer Ramsey, 82 years old, killed three bears near his home in Long Valley on the line between El Dorado and Placer counties a few days ago, but escaped possible death from one of them by the interference of his dog. Ramsey's dog treed a large bear and her two cubs, and Ramsey, with an ancient single shot rifle went to investigate. Seeing the bears, he shot all three, but the mother bear was not killed, and on falling to the ground she took after Ramsey before he could reload his rifle.

His dog, however, pounced upon the infuriated animal and kept it busy until Ramsey secured an ax, with which he killed the brute. He says it was the most exciting hunt he ever had.

Luxury of French Prisons.

Court Journal

Last week I spoke of the intelligent Deputy who is hoping to introduce the cat-o'-nine-tails into France. Today comes to light facts showing the luxury in which French apaches live when they are the guests of the state. The French criminal is taken to a prison called Fresnes Palace, and here he is housed far better than any common French soldier, though the latter may have served his country ever so valiantly, while the former has supposedly done the reverse.

The cells are steam-heated at an always level temperature, and statistics show us that in a garrison and a prison each holding the same number of inmates, where in 1909 the consumption of coal for the garrison was 18 wagonloads the prison consumed 300 wagons full. So, to quote Clement Vautel, our brave French soldiers shiver around a fire meagerly fed with a few pieces of coal from time to time, while our criminals stretch themselves in lazy luxury before a cosy hot steam pipe.

Champion in Ploughing Contests.

Chicago Tribune.—

Twenty-six prizes in twenty-seven years in ploughing at the annual matches of the Wheatland and Big Rock ploughing associations is the remarkable record of William Fairweather, who was recently given the gold medal and championship held out to ploughers in the post-graduate class. In four years, Fairweather took three of the same class prizes.

In a period of twenty-seven years there was only one year in which he had nothing to show for his effort, and of all the other prizes won by him only one was of less value than the second. In one instance only he was given third. Of the firsts and seconds the majority are of the first order.

This ploughman gives most of the credit for his unusual success to his father, who he says taught him the first lessons in correct soil tilling. He was required to carry a chain and weed cutter so that the trash of his his lands was properly covered.

Long Lost Wedding Ring Recovered.

Beverly Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Ruby Hayes again is in possession of her wedding ring, which she lost 25 years ago. Immediately after her marriage she lost the ring, which was recovered five years later, only to be lost a second time within a short time. Yesterday her husband was repairing the trough in his yard, and digging up a spadeful of dirt saw a shining article, which he found was the wedding ring.

The Fateful Question.

She saw that he was going to put
The question long expected.
She tapped the carpet with her foot
And tried to look collected.
And as she waited for the man
To ask that fateful question,
Across her aging features ran
Sanguineous congestion.
The rose her cheek incardined
Was followed by the lily,
So great was her distress of mind
She really felt quite silly.
At length he stammered out the word,
The word so long awaited.
That made the maiden, when she heard,
So deeply agitated.
And then he said: "Beg pardon, Miss"
His voice was quite unsteady—
"I simply had to ask you this."
She had her answer ready.
"Why should you not, sir?" she began;
"I'm glad to give my answer.
'Tis eighteen years, kind Census-man,
Since first my life began, sir."

T. A. DALY.

The Catholic Standard and Times.

Minerals That Will Not Be Exhausted

GREAT as the increase in the production and consumption of iron and steel has been in recent years, it is not now the most rapid or significant development in the use of minerals. Still less is it the most hopeful.

Iron is certain to cost more before long, because it will be less abundant, in the sense that high-grade ore, easy to mine and ship, will become relatively scarce. There will be no iron famine, within a period interesting to the present generation, but there may well be a famine in such deposits of ore as the Mesaba range, for example, or in fact, in any ores of high quality, situated so that mining and transportation costs are cut down to the minimum.

But whatever may happen in iron and steel there is no danger of any lack of raw material for cement, and concrete is making strides by comparison with which even the growth of the iron industry looks slow. Iron still leads cement, in the United States, in weight, but there is no such margin as there was a few years ago, and everything indicates that it will be less every year, hereafter.

In the last decade the average yearly cement product of the country was about 38,400,000 barrels. It was almost exactly four times as great as the annual production in the preceding ten years. In earlier decades the consumption of cement had increased about 100 per cent in every such period, but the boom in re-enforced concrete for buildings carried the rate of gain up to nearly 400 per cent, from 1900 to 1910.

Here is an entirely different situation from that which exists in respect to iron. There is no possibility of exhausting the raw materials from which cement or concrete is made. The base is sand, and it is nearly as abundant as clay for bricks or the mud used for houses in many dry countries. There is no reason why concrete should become more costly. It may even grow a little cheaper, as the processes of manufacture become more perfect.

One of the metals, not yet cheap or used in quantities which seem large by contrast with the consumption of iron and steel, is like concrete in having practically unbounded supplies of raw material behind it. This is aluminum.

Since there is aluminum in unmeasured and enormous quantities in clay, the world need not fear that there will ever be a lack of that metal due to the exhaustion of the raw material from which it is obtained. As yet aluminum costs too much to be used in great quantities, as such words refer to iron, for instance, or cement, but the tendency is always toward larger production lower prices and wider distribution of the one metal which is obtained mainly by the use of electricity.

It will be a long before the production of aluminum can be expanded enough to call for clay in making that metal. There are rocks so much more productive of aluminum compounds that they will have preference in every country where aluminum is manufactured, rather than mined, and they are found in great masses, in some parts of the world.

Because of this vast abundance of raw materials, it is imaginable that sometime houses will be built largely of concrete and aluminum. It may be that the inventors will prove more successful in cutting down the most of making aluminum than the prospectors and miners can be in discovering new masses of iron ore.

If that should happen the two metals, iron and aluminum, may come together in price and the lighter and showier metal would then be used in enormously increased quantities. For the present, it cannot balance or surpass the growth of the consumption of iron and steel, but the future may give aluminum a place worthy of being classed with that held by iron and concrete now. Of the three, concrete is surest of practically endless expansion.

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Send postal card for description of climate, country, etc., and list of farms.

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100 Acres, $2,200.

Stock, Tools and Crops Included.

Here is a dandy farm, all in running order, cuts 25 tons of hay, level fields, spring watered pasture for 10 cows, 25 acres in wood and timber, orchard of 100 trees, mail delivered, near neighbors, store, schools and best of roads, house with running water, 2 large barns and other outbuildings; if taken now, to close immediately, owner will include 2 horses, 7 cattle, brood sow, poultry, all tools and machinery, also some crops, everything for $5,500, part cash, balance on easy terms. For details of this and other farm bargains see page 15, "Strout's Biggest Farm Bargains." Free out.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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SEPTEMBER PREMIUM AWARD.

The premium watch for the largest club of Blade subscribers obtained during the month of September has been awarded to Amos Bullard, of Galax, Va., who sent in a list of 146 names.

With so many thrones tottering some must fall.

Clothes that are not paid for do not make the man.

Twenty-dollar gold certificates make a fine lining for an inside pocket.

Old Mother Earth has her grim triumphs. The prodigal aviators have to come back to her for burial.

When a throne is upset it is a total loss. There is no sale for such furniture among second-hand dealers.

It is announced that the pocket for women is coming into fashion again. Where it is to be located will remain a secret.

"The Art of Snoring" is the subject of an editorial in a southern newspaper. But snoring isn't an art. It's a disease.

A sociologist declares that the small boy is really a little savage. It's an old theory that the neighbor's small boy is a little savage.

The Pittsburg blacksmith who broke his leg while chasing a skunk was in luck. He must have had a horseshoe in his pocket.

The work of reading men out of the party has been suspended. Everything is beginning to look as lovely as an old home week.

Somebody says there will be no loafing in heaven. Next thing we expect to hear that the gold-paved streets have no shady side.

Everybody in the world should be happy. The young have their dreams and the old have their pleasant memories to keep them company.

"It is now suggested in Maine that prohibition produces Democrats." According to an old-time theory corn made whisky and whisky made Democrats.

Mr. Tillman announces that he is going to stay in the senate as long as he lives. Maybe he will stay longer. There are some dead ones in the senate now.

Our idea of a woman of steady nerves is the one who doesn't get excited when she finds a caterpillar crawling up the back of her neck.

Missouri's population has grown only 6 per cent in ten years. We suspect that the Ben Davis apple has had its influence in keeping people out of the state.

We live and learn. Apropos of which we beg to announce that the scientific discovery has been made that a cow's stomach turns completely over every time she eats a full meal.

Ours is a glorious country. It is doubtful if there is another in the world that can produce as many attractive unmarried women who are capable of earning a good living for a husband.

"This is not an easy time in which to live," says Mr. Woodrow Wilson And yet it's a good bet that more people will celebrate Thanksgiving this year than ever before in the history of the country.

"Trust the boy and girl and train them not through coercion, but through suggestion," says one educator. The method isn't old-fashioned enough to suit some grown-ups, but the boys and girls will hail it as a bright idea.

Samuel Hopkins Adams—who must be a fearless man—declares that nearly all the deaths supposed to be caused by the bite of a rattlesnake are due in reality to the whisky that is pumped into the victim. Is it possible that no tradition is to remain safe?

A message of glad tidings comes to us from Busby, the cornstalk seer and naked-eye astronomer of Independence, Iowa. He writes: "All signs that I have noted tell me that a warm winter is on the way." We do not question the accuracy of the Busby forecast. The future is radiant with hope.

Progressive Republicanism

III.

Conservation.

It requires no unusual memory to recall the time when stump speakers were given to the practice of shifting from delicate local issues to the subject of "our boundless country," "our inexhaustible resources," or "our incomparable natural riches." The opportunity for oratory was excellent. The subject was the more beloved since there was none to question the assertions, none to doubt their truth. Half of our country was a hazy, far-away land to the other half. The northern soldiers who had gone into the south saw it half deserted, beheld mountains covered with timber, swamps undrained, vast prairies which had never felt the plow. The pioneers in the west caught glimpses of opportunities they could not grasp themselves, but which they knew would enrich the generation after them beyond the dreams of avarice. In the northwest were great forests. The lakes teemed with fish. There was copper and gold and silver, coal, too, and oil and iron. In the southwest were immense grazing lands. Who among the early comers dared to predict that these wide distances would soon be dotted with farm houses, and cities and towns would be sending their smoke toward the cloudless skies? There were beautiful savannahs which seemed chosen of God for symbols of solitude. There were fearful deserts wherein was no water and along whose dim trails were the whitened bones of oxen and men. Is it any wonder that "boundless," "limitless," "inexhaustible" were the favorite words of the spellbinders?

Today we know our country better. The frontiers have been marked. Not only is it realized that the resources are measureable, but that many of them are alarmingly close to exhaustion. The lands once absolutely free to the home-maker are no longer to be had. The forests are being consumed. The ranches held in such huge tracts are disappearing. Water is pouring down mountain sides to water the old, terrifying deserts.

Government experts have estimated that at the present rate of consumption the anthracite coal in America will have been gone in fifty years. There is bituminous coal to last 200 years, but that, too, will go swiftly if industrial development in this country experiences many more of its amazing booms. Already, in parts of Iowa and Missouri, the coal beds can no longer be worked profitably. The worst of the situation is that the methods of mining are wasteful. When the best paying fuel is taken out there is left about half as much again consisting partly of coal for the support of the upper strata and partly of thinner beds at present not worth the working. The day will undoubtedly come when it will be desirable to take out more of the supporting coal, to seek the poorer grades and dig in the thinner beds. Yet, since it is the custom to let worked over grounds cave in, it will be impossible in most of the mines to recover the coal thus left.

Again:—There is a tremendous power in coal which is never gleaned from it. The railroads use about 150,000,000 tons of coal every year. Out of the whole 95 per cent of the energy is lost. In the electric lighting business about one-fifth of one per cent of the energy of the coal goes into the light.

The government forestry service has estimated the standing timber of the United States at from 1,400 to 2,500 billion feet, board measure. The annual consumption is about 100 million feet. The natural growth is from 30 to 40 million feet. One little operation in division will show you how soon the timber will be gone if consumption is kept up at its present rate.

The great iron beds of Minnesota have been fairly well defined. The iron people know just about when the last of the high-grade ore will have been smelted and how soon all the ore which comes down the lakes will be classified as low grade. They know, too, that when the workings will be all in low grade ore the country will be talking a lot about the high prices of iron, the hampering costs which prevent the raising of steel buildings, the construction of railroad equipment, the making and the marketing of agricultural machinery.

It has long been recognized that the fundamental wealth of a nation lies in its soil. One has but to consider any article from among farm products and contrast its total value with the total value of an industrial product of which vastly more is heard. For example, the world produces about $100,000,000 worth of automobiles every year. In 1908 the corn grown in America was worth $1,616,145,000. But of all the waste there is nothing which compares with the agricultural waste. It has been declared that if the little item of prairie fires could be cashed into dollars and cents the national debt could be paid off every year and money enough would be left to found about a dozen universities. The loss by such fires is the smallest when reckoning the damage to growing crops alone. The main loss is in injury to the fertility of the soil. The Mississippi river carries about 400,000,000 tons of sediment to the sea every year. Think what the loss would be if but one-tenth of the sediment consisted of soil wash! It is really much more than one-tenth. Hills are stripped of their trees. The soil on the hillsides goes first. Then the clay and stone and gravel are washed down. There are valleys in the south which have been rendered uninhabitable because the farms have been covered with sterile stones and clay. The trees would have held them in their proper place. Soil goes into the streams from ditches, from ill-constructed drains, from uplands left unguarded against torrents, from the failure to use so simple a method of protection as terracing.

* * * *

The foregoing facts are on the dismal side of the book. There is another side—bright with promise, the working out of the conservation problems.

* * * *

Immense tracts have been brought under irrigation. Where once the sun poured down relentlessly upon a dry, baked earth, grain and fruit are growing. The dry farmer is taking wealth out of a few acres which once would not have kept a steer in food. Before the gold rush a man from Boston sailed around the Horn as a common sailor. He wrote upon his return of Southern California as a dreary, desert land from which commerce could never hope to get any more return than the profit there was in cattle hides. How poor a prophet! That land is a country of little farms, little orchards, high examples of the wealth to be taken from a few acres industriously and intelligently worked. The agricultural schools are rounding out young men into well trained business farmers, knowing their calling thoroughly and, what is best, knowing how to make the calling pay its best—a fact which the farmer most contemptuous of agricultural schools admits to be one of his own shortcomings. The states are promoting agricultural development. The railroads in certain sections are sending forth trains for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the best methods.

The government administration has urged upon congress the necessity of rewriting the land laws, the aim being to remove the opportunities for speculation and to discourage the holding of big tracts for the unearned increment. The land, now held under public title, should go to the home-builders.

In the far west water is more valuable than land. Without it much of the country cannot develop, so light is the rainfall. So much of the water as remains under government control will be conserved if selfish private interests can be kept off. There is no disposition on the part of the leaders of the conservation movement to discourage private capital, but they argue that the public should not surrender this immensely valuable asset forever. They believe that the title should be in the name of the people, that private capital shall pay for the use of the water and be subject to regulation as to quantity used and the methods of using. Rather should the streams under government control run to waste for a generation than that, for the sake of immediate development, they be given up forever.

The conservation of resources is the biggest subject before the American nation today. It affects us all, those of the farm, the village, the city, the factory, the railroads and the ships. Not in an hour may its problems be worked out. Nor can more than slight consideration be given to it by a column or so of reading matter. It must be remembered that progressive Republicanism brought forth the tenets of conservation and progressive Republicans have, almost alone, been concerned in their agitation and constructive policies.

TROLLIES AND LAND VALUES.

Farms in the Mohawk valley of New York which a few years ago were to be had for $5,000 are now priced at $35,000. This tremendous gain in values is considered by the state tax commission to be due to the transportation facilities given by the electric roads.

Only in a small way is the advance in the appraised values of property in New York due to the gain in population, it is thought. The trolley, more than any other agency, has boosted land prices, caused the making of investments, developed small towns and given the larger ones increased business.

Ohio has probably as many miles of electric lines, if not more than, any other state in the union. It will be interesting to learn just what percentage of influence they have had on land values and the encouragement of enterprise. The showing ought to equal that of New York.

A BANKER ON FEDERAL REGULATION.

Mr. James Speyer, head of one of the greatest banking houses in the world, said in an interview in Paris:

It is better to have some honest, wise control of corporations by the central government, controlled by men who are in the eyes of the whole nation and whose probity and wisdom can be relied on, than to submit to interference by petty politicians in this or that state who too often work for their own purposes. Federal supervision of corporations means protection of them in a certain sense. We are changing in America, and this is one of the changes which I believe is for the better.

It has not been the substantial bankers, free of the taint of speculation and unidentified with questionable stock manipulations, who have been the ones screaming against government interference. They have not been the ones who pronounced federal regulation socialism or attacked its advocates as agitators, demagogues and political pirates. They were not heard, because they did not make themselves conspicuous.

ECHOES OF CALHOUN.

The state Democratic convention, meeting in Rochester week before last adopted a plank which says:

We again declare that all powers not specifically granted to the federal government belong to and of right must be exercised by the states in their sovereign capacity, and we reassert that the most efficient results in government are attained by the complete exercise by the states of these reserved sovereign powers. We are unalterably opposed to any usurpation by the federal government of the rights of the states.

In 1828 John Caldwell Calhoun wrote:

The United States is not a union of the people, but a league or compact between sovereign states, any of which has the right to judge when the compact is broken and to pronounce any law to be null and void which violates its conditions.

The Democrats of New York will find more material of the same sort, fitting perfectly into their campaign, in the history of this country between 1828 and 1865—this last date closing the Civil war, which was supposed to have settled the question of States' Rights forever. This was a mistake, it appears.

THE FRIED TOMATO.

We may be wrong, for no one is infallible in questions of taste; nevertheless, we opine and make bold to maintain that the most delicious produce of the gardener's toil and the housekeeper's magic is the fried tomato. To us it is utterly inconceivable that the ancients should have considered the fried tomato poisonous, and that their view should be held by many persons of intelligence today.—Newark News.

Good, as far as it goes, but insufficient glorification. The ancients were chumps and many moderns are saturate with superstition.

The tomato is one of the soil's dreamiest products. It is representative of the sunshine of summer days and the radiant gleam of the harvest moon. Flavored with the breath of roses, it is an ode to horticulture. Fried—it is an autumn sunset in a golden sea of sweet, unctuous butter. Served steaming hot—it is a song of glad tidings, optimism's inspiration and hope's benediction.

Epicurus never dined.

THE TRAGEDY OF PORTUGAL.

The history of Portugal might be written with a poniard as pen and human blood as ink. The short sword of the Romans, the crude spears and dirks of the Visigoths and the Alans, the scimetars of the Moors, the lances of the crusading Spaniards, the ready blades of the Burgundian line, the guns of Napoleon and the swift pursuing bayonets of the English punctuate the chronicles of the land with tragedy. In the earliest records there are grim stories of strife among nobles, wars between the provinces. Ambition rode with scabbard loose and possession sat in armor. Even in the day when peace had come to make longer and longer visits among the nations of Europe, revolution came to Portugal nine times and now—the tenth time in less than a hundred years—native seeks life of native, the streets are torn up that barricades may be made and village and town and city filled with hate and lust.

Henry, the grandson of the duke of Burgundy, journeyed into Spain to seek his fortune at the court of Alfonso, king of Castile and Leon. By 1095, five years later, he had led victorious troops against the Moors in western Spain, and had been given the hand of the daughter of Alfonso and had been made lord over the conquered territory which now comprises the northern part of Portugal. He acknowledged allegiance to Castile, but all the land he took south of the Tangus he was permitted to claim as his own. His son first flew the flag of an independent Portugal, not after the war, but after a picked company of Portuguese knights had vanquished a picked company of Castilian knights in a tournament. Twenty-five years this son of the Burgundian adventurer fought with the Moors, taking Lisbon and Alcarer do Sal. The Moslems had been driven back within less than a hundred miles from Africa whence they came. So history runs on. War with the infidels halted only when the sovereign turned to battle with the combined noble and clergy, ever ready to strike for power for themselves.

A stirring theme for the poets is that of the strange tale of Ines de Castro, who, after death, became queen of the Portuguese. Pedro was the son of Alfonso. In 1345 he secretly wed Ines who was of the royal blood of Castile. As Pedro resolutely refused to marry whom his father selected for him the secret was suspected. Some of the courtiers dreaded lest Ines should gain complete ascendancy over Pedro and so influenced Alfonso IV. that he became party to the plot to murder this wife of his son. She fled to a convent, but the king pursued. Ines threw herself at his feet and begged for mercy. The king was so far moved that he would not stay by while the murder was committed—no doubt a concession for those bloody times. Ines died under the knives of the courtiers. But her history did not end there. Two years later Alfonso was gone and Pedro ascended the throne. His immediate task was to avenge Ines. Hearts were torn out, the bodies were burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. Then Pedro caused the body of Ines to be exhumed. She was placed upon the throne beside him, robed in purple and crowned with gold. Cold and hard of face he sat while the nobles marched forward and kissed her garment's hem. It was no day for niceties.

Portugal, with Spain, had its wonderful hour of empire following the discovery of the new world. Vasco da Gama sailed to India around the Cape of Good Hope. The riches of the east poured into Portugal. Brazil became the bright jewel of the nation. An immense territory in Africa was claimed and nearly as much in and to the north of the Indian ocean. Islands in the Atlantic were populated with the Portuguese. But the empire was but a flaring candle. The English came to rule over India. The greater part of the possessions in Africa was lost. Brazil entertained an exile king, and when he left declared her independence. Portugal could not even lift a finger to save the colony.

After Napoleon had entered Portugal and the British had driven his soldiers out and themselves had retired, it was the turn for internal unrest. The first of the Nineteenth century revolutions was one without bloodshed. But others after were not so mild. The whole record from 1820 onward is sprinkled with descriptions of such uprisings, experiment with rulers, weariness with the experiment, new trials and new oppression, the loss of power and the loss of prestige, the slow, steady sapping of the soil for the pleasure of the few, and finally—as a mighty exclamation mark—the assassination of Carlos I., and his eldest son and the crowning of Manuel, the boy, who Tuesday night fled for his life.

Portugal proper has an area of only 35,490 square miles, being smaller than the state of Ohio and about the same size as Kentucky. It boasts a population of 5,423,132, or about what the population of Ohio will prove to be when the 1910 census of the state will have been reported upon. Yet this little nation, and the loosely held colonial possessions in Asia, Africa, and the East Indies, give the king $567,000 in exchange for misgovernment. Portugal has groaned for many weary years under the charge and grumbled against the poor values given in return. Changes have brought few benefits. Another change is made. Whether the Republicans if they win, can give Portugal an enlightened administration or merely one such as the brother Latins in Central America have, constitutes a question which probably worries the people but little. They will consider that whatever the revolution may bring it must assuredly be something better than the old order. It cannot be worse.

BETTER DISCIPLINE NEEDED.

The Electric Railway Journal, analyzing the cause of the collision on the Fort Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction line, which cost the lives of more than forty passengers, fixes the blame upon the trainmen of an extra car. Orders had been given to this car to take a siding, but the motorman, knowing that the car he was to pass has been uniformly late for several weeks, thought he could make another siding six miles beyond. He violated both his orders and the ordinary caution which should have prompted him to call up the dispatcher to learn if the car he was to pass was late, as his experience had suggested it would be. The cost of taking the chance was forty-one deaths.

The Electric Railway Journal puts the responsibility up to human frailty—the human frailty of the motorman and conductor of the extra car. A court sitting upon the specific case would come to the same decision. A point that is not considered is the impelling force behind the motorman which led him into making that fatal race. For he was governed not alone by orders from the dispatcher to make certain sidings but, unquestionably, by orders to reach his destination within a certain time. He was the slave of his watch. That was his fetish. Obedience to it loomed before him as of far more importance than obedience to the instructions as to the siding. He is to be imagined as considering two sets of orders which came for a moment seemingly into conflict because the car he was to pass was habitually behind time. The dispatcher was far away. The watch was before him. He forgot the one and obeyed the other.

The responsibility still goes back to the matter of discipline. It was the business of the company to train its men so that an order which was for the sake of safety should prevail over another governing a time schedule. The basic training of a locomotive engineer he obtains when he is a fireman. He gets then not only a grounding in discipline, but an understanding of why it is and why it should be. Unfortunately, the traction motorman has no such preliminary schooling. So far—it would appear—the electric roads have not provided an adequate substitute for it.

CONQUERING DISEASE.

Figures compiled by the census bureau show that the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis was lowered in 1909 as compared with other years. For cancer, on the other hand, a higher percentage of deadliness is shown, bringing it from a rate of 74.3 to 77 per 1000,000. The report upon typhoid fever was particularly encouraging, the rate in 1909 being lower than in 1908, which held the low record.

The fight against tuberculosis has been so wide and so active that it became possible a year or so ago to fix dates when the disease in certain communities would be virtually conquered. But there is a tremendous amount of work yet to be done in the cause, principally in making everyone realize that good light and pure air are preventives. So far as cancer is concerned the statistics are exceedingly vague. The line, too, between the disease and others of its nature is not clearly adhered to in the medical profession. No one rightly knows if the disease is increasing in America or not. Because it is heard of more or talked of more doesn't prove it. The responsibility for the prevention of typhoid fever rests upon cleanliness and the avoidance of drinking water which is tainted or food that is suspected. Sanitary science is now assumed as a public study and the indifferent individual is saved from himself.

The census figures show, on the whole, that the battle with disease is gaining—slowly, but with certainty.

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK BY TROLLEY.

Elliott Flower, two or three years ago, made a trip from Chicago to New York by electric car, having to take the steam lines at only a few gaps. It was a very wiggly journey, sometimes compelling a virtual reversal of the direction desired. Mr. E. C. Van Valkenburgh, writing in the Electric Railway Journal, tells very interestingly how he made the same trip this summer. It was much more direct than that of Mr. Flower's, connections were admirable and there were only good words to express for the equipment and the roads. The way ran:

Chicago to Goshen, Ind., almost due east. Then a sharp turn south to Peru, Ind. Northeast to Fort Wayne. East to Lima. North to Toledo. Then along the Lake Erie shore to Buffalo, thence to Rochester and southeasterly to Little Falls. Here the steam line had to be taken to Fonda, only a short distance. The journey from there was through Schenectady to Albany and Hudson, where a boat was taken to Tarrytown. Thence into New York by trolley.

The traveler found, after reaching his destination, that forty miles more might have been covered by electric car.

Given leisure and prepared with information as to lines, connections and the running of limited trains anyone might have a most enjoyable excursion by trolley road. After it, one would have learned far more about the country passed through than one would ever gather from the railroad cars.

A Pennsylvania applicant for naturalization said he had never heard of Theodore Roosevelt. Probably it would be superfluous to ask a man like that where he stands on the woman's suffrage proposition.

If the scrap tobacco chewers would organize themselves into a political party they might elect a President. The greatest trouble would be to get them to harmonize on any particular brand.

The bones of what is supposed to have been the ancestor of the horse have been found in Wyoming. He lived a great many years before Mr. Edison declared that the horse must go.

The assertion is made that electrocution has not proved popular. Maybe there are a few old-fashioned people who would prefer hanging. It is impossible to please everybody.

It may be of interest to hypochondriacs to know that a Baltimore doctor has invented a new disease. It is not known, however, when he will have it ready for distribution.

Let's have no moving pictures of King Frederick of Denmark and Booker T. Washington dining together. All possibility of precipitating a race war must be avoided.

THE GOVERNMENT AS A PARENT.

Paternalism in government is not the effective bugbear it once was. Its denunciation no longer sends the voter to the polls, determined to crush the evil tendency. He no longer worries lest it rob him of individual rights and steal from him control over wife and child, the privilege of doing what he wishes with his own, the blessed satisfaction of treating his home as his castle.

There is no more paternal institution in the country than the marine hospital corps. When the yellow fever epidemic passed beyond the control of the city of New Orleans the corps was asked for. Its doctors took charge of the city and ruled it for a season with the severity of a parent determined on having good behavior in his household. The fever was conquered and New Orleans so disciplined that it still maintains a wardenship over every careless and ignorant citizen. The bubonic plague obtained a foothold in San Francisco. Again was the marine hospital corps appealed to. The plague was pursued and cornered and destroyed. The measures adopted by the corps are still in force and San Francisco watches every avenue which may reintroduce the disease. Asiatic cholera is devastating southern Italy. The marine doctors do not wait upon its appearance here before acting, but examine every immigrant, every ship passenger and seaman, who might bring it into the country. Members of the corps are at European shipping ports and others call upon the vessels. America need not dread that the cholera will enter, or gain a foothold if it does.

Under a paternal government of the right sort no individual can complain of tyranny unless he steps beyond his personal privileges and encroaches upon those of his neighbor. He is protected, as his neighbor is protected, from harm, and he himself is saved from his own foolish acts.

KINGS; THE SHAM AND THE REAL

Ultimately the king yielded to the imperative pleading and urgent counsel of his friends. He left the palace in an automobile with a cheery smile on his lips. He was smoking a cigarette. The king's life clearly was in danger and flight absolutely necessary. Manuel, despite his youth, showed himself the pluckiest man in Portugal. He bitterly resented the necessity of a flight which had nothing of the heroic. What made the situation still more humiliating was the fact that the republicans early on Tuesday presented the king a bombastic ultimatum couched in florid phraseology and demanding that he abdicate before 4 o'clock on Tuesday.

"The pluckiest man in Portugal!" How little it takes to make pluck when there is a chronicler at your elbow straining his ears to catch words for his pages! Kings, as a matter of fact, are kings only in the "Prisoner of Zenda" fashion of fiction, in the comic operas and the tragedies of poets. There was a king once who lived in this country. He was king over the emotions and lives and destinies of some two or three hundred Italian laborers. For crown he had a shock of red hair, for scepter the broken hickory handle of a pick. Was he obeyed? He was. No autocrat was ever less questioned than he. Was homage paid to him? It was. Sometimes, in a strange way, as when a man lay on the ground screaming and tried to protect his head against the boot toes of His Majesty.

Says the news from Lisbon: "He left the palace in an automobile with a cheery smile upon his lips. He was smoking a cigarette." A crisis came also in the reign of that genuine king we have described. A sewer was being dug through a sand hill. All of the monarch's subjects were in the ditch and himself was glowering down at them. The sand began to cave. The subjects were panicstricken, but such was their fear of their overlord they dared not climb out, but instead scurried up and down the ditch like crazy moles. And the sand was snapping the timbers. Did this king light a cigarette and assume a cherry smile? Not this one. He leaped into the ditch, swung his scepter, cursed and yelled. His vassals were all out in a minute save two who were caught in a bad corner. The king clambered over the falling heaps of sand to get to them. They could get out if the stuff would only stop caving for a second. The king saw that. He braced his back and his feet against the walls of the sewer and put forth all his strength. The men got out. But not their suzerain.

The boy in Lisbon was but a shell of a king. He had the clothes and the jewels and other outward symbols, but when the hour came to be a king he climbed into an automobile, a smile and a cigarette on his lips. The other—being a king in the arm of him and to the heart of him—died like a king.

"MUGGING" THE POPULATION.

A delegate to the meeting of the American Prison association advocated a system of national registration whereby every resident of the country would have to undergo "mugging," the taking of this thumb-prints and an examination as to pedigree, career, profession, trade or occupation, physical development and eccentricities and general deportment.

This system, so its promoter insists, "will prevent duplicity of the individual in all his relations and extend the family ties, constitute a universal intelligence and credit bureau and simplify expensive election registration."

The proposal, of course, is not made with any real idea of improving the responsibility of citizenship, in spite of the words which clothe it. That which is desired is a bureau for the benefit of the thief catcher, the pursuer of thugs and murderers. How simple a matter where every one is "bertilloned" to trace out crime, and yet how simple a matter it would be to turn the institution into one of oppression. One trouble about many members of the police, particularly in their younger years, and of all others who have to deal with criminals, is that they get to thinking all men dishonest. They develop a habitual suspicion. They believe in no one and believe very little in anything. It seems a reasonable proposition for the extremists among them that anyone should be marched to the photographer's, his thumbs inked and a third-degree inquiry made into his past—for some day he may go bad and his record be needed.

This is the wrong way round to cure criminality.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE GREAT ACCOUNTING

International Sunday School Lesson for October 16 Is "The Last Judgment," Matt. 25:31-46.

By William T. Ellis.

The logic of many persons today slips a cog when they get to thinking on religion. Of real atheism there is almost none; everybody accepts the truth of a Supreme Being, who guides and governs the affairs of men. But not everybody sees that this God, if he be Lord of all, must have authority as well as power. anything else is simply unthinkable. A sovereign without a kingdom or a sceptre is no real sovereign. If God be granted authority then he must—simply must—exercise some sort of discipline and require some sort of accounting of those who are subject to him.

Thus we find ourselves face to face with the reasonableness of a Judgment Day; although it is not uncommon for people to try to eliminate the Judgment Day by the simple process of shutting their eyes to it. Our befogged minds do not welcome the idea of our responsibility to God—the idea which Daniel Webster said was the sublimest that had ever entered his mind. The latest fashions in religion do not call for a judgment day. The popular God of the illogical and superficial crowd is a loving, indulgent, easy-going spirit whose character is depicted as the sort of flabby love which these forceless one know; a being without dignity, rights or authority, the subject of every vagary of these erratic minds. The God of a multitude of people is conceived of as possessing no moral sense, except a blind benevolence, which will disregard all moral delinquencies and lavish rewards upon fatuous speculations. A man of common sense, with some idea of cause and effect and of the eternal fitness of things, must be repelled by the illogical and debased view of God which is popularly proclaimed today in the name of divine love. Well does Lew Wallace say, and show, in Ben Hur that better law without love, than love without law."

When the Gentle Eye Flashed

Everybody who reads and thinks accepts Jesus as the most loving example of humanity, or representative of divinity, that this earth has ever seen. He loved to the limit. "Greater love hath no man' than His. The cross is the seal of His last full measure of devotion. Yet Jesus, the self-emptying and compassionate, preached a judgment day. His lofty words upon the subject are today's Sunday school lesson. His knowledge of God and man made clear the inevitableness of a time when man, the free subject of a divine Sovereign, should one day render up an account to his Lord. We can imagine the flash in the eye of the gentle Teacher, as He told His hearers of that day, when all of earth's mistakes would be rectified, and the despised Son of Man himself would be vindicated.

The dramatic truth upon the awesomeness of which the old painters loved to dwell, is that the Judge will be One who is now the judged. The suffering Saviour, upon whose cross every mortal must sit in judgment as truly as did Pilate, is one day to be enthroned as supreme arbiter of all men. The Redeemer who came in humiliation is one day to come in glory: "His day is marching on." The Son of Man is also the King of kings. He who stood, bleeding and insulted, before the multitude, is to have all nations arrayed before Him.

The stress which Jesus lays upon the word "nations" in his statements concerning the grand assize, is significant. It seems as if God deals with the world in units of nations, as well as of individuals. There is something sacred about nationality. The feeling of national consciousness is today being intensified to a rare degree all over the earth. It is one of the notable phenomena of our times. This western world, too, is emerging into a new consciousness of her might and mission. May she never lack prophets to hold her steadfast to her obligation to the Most High.

Each to His Own Place.

In childhood's days we ran in crowds, each with his own particular cronies. The group instinct intensifies with age, so that "cliques" are the problem of high school and colleges. Kindred spirits are drawn together; one neighborhood has one class of people, another a different class. On shipboard, in summer hotels, in restaurants—everywhere, in short, the law of attraction holds good.

So it semis but a natural outworking of a recognized principle that at the Judgment Day the King should declare a separation, each going to his own place. Indeed, the separation had already been made sure by the word of the Shepherd that made the sheep sheep or the goats goats. We go to the group or class for which we have fitted ourselves. Even the condemned will recognize the justice of their separation from the Lord; they will see that they, being as they are, could not be happy in the company of the blest. Ignorant peasants would not enjoy the society of kings and philosophers. It is to his own place that each one of us goes. Heaven is for the heavenly; condemnation is for the condemnable.

Men and women are preparing for their future abode, even as the future abode is preparing for them. The kingdom to be inherited by the blessed is "prepared for you from the foundation of the world." All things, on earth and in heaven, are making ready for the reign of the good. The triumph of truth, the advent of that glorious age of which prophets have dreamed and poets have sung, is surely drawing on.

The Great Dividing Line.

Dr. Talmage once pointed out that while society divides mankind into many classes, by innumerable horizontal lines, Jesus divides the world by a single vertical line—on the left the goats, on the right the sheep. The only important classification in life is that between the good and the bad. Upper classes and lower classes are not sufficiently distinctive; but good and bad means most to the historian, the sociologist, the educator, the preacher, the statesman. When this line is drawn it runs through all classes; many kings have been on the left and many of earth's poorest and humblest have been on the right. The health of the world depends more and more upon making this the one distinction among men. In an ideal state the only recognized "good society" would be the society of good people.

The test which Jesus says will be applied at the great day is not doctrinal but practical. People will be judged by the good they did or left undone. He did not name some high and knightly test, but the most ordinary forms of kindness, well within the reach of the lowliest; feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, showing hospitality to the stranger, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and the prisoner. Simple, these, but all in the likeness of Christ's ministry. In his luminous little book, The Print of the Nails, the Rev. T. H. Darlow says "The nails of the true cross today are precisely those acts and decisions of ours which transfix our common selfishness. Whenever we deny ourselves willingly for the love of others who do not love us, whenever we spend pains and patience to understand those who have no sympathy with us, whenever we give up ease or reputation for the unthankful and the evil, we are beginning to receive these sacred marks of likeness to the crucified. The ultimate question which tests our service of others is: "Does it bear any faint authentic print of the nails?"

This lesson is hard to learn. We want to substitute other things for the simplicities of Christ's prescription. A few weeks ago a New England spinster was witnessing the Passion Play at Oberammergau; behind her sat a little boy of seven, who sat wondrously quiet during those eight hours of strain. The spinster had book and opera glasses, and busied herself without thought of annoyance to the persons behind; and at appropriate places she wept copiously. But when she overheard the child whisper occasional questions to his father, or when once he touched the back of her seat, she turned upon him and glared. She thought she was in the spirit of the Passion Play; but, such is the frailty of human nature, she had no thought of the real Christ's "Inasmuch"; and she was only annoyed by one of the little ones of whom Jesus said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me." The illustration is but one of a myriad that could be piled up to show how we persist in trying to substitute mood or ecstacy or morbid "spirituality" for the simple kindness which Jesus prescribed. The judge will be likelier to ask us how we treated our wives and workmen and neighbors, than how fervently we cried "Amen" at religious services.

The loftiest of motives for the lowliest of services is given by Jesus when he identifies himself with all who are served or neglected: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my children, even these least, ye did it unto me . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these ye did it not unto me." How those words should set Christian feet speeding towards the homes of want and sorrow and sickness, and to the prisons.

Varieties

In Buenos Aires eggs cost 5 cents apiece.

Cheaper grades of bicycles are increasingly used in Japan.

An ordinary gas jet consumes as much oxygen as five persons.

The Friends maintain one missionary to every 200 members.

England's factories consume about one-fifth the coal the nation mines.

A recent estimate placed the population of the world at 1,467,000,000.

Tungsten salts have been found to be valuable for fireproofing textiles.

Zanzibar and the neighboring island of Pemba supply most of the world's cloves.

Tomatoes packed in peat and sawdust go from Toronto to London in good order.

The semi-foreign city of Yokohama, in Japan, is to have a large park and boulevard.

Belfast, Ireland, has had municipal ownership of street cars for the last five years.

Japan is increasing its production of raw silk at a rate of about 20,000 bales a year.

Five Michigan towns turn out three-fourths of this country's automobile produce.

The Chinese are fast gaining on the Russians in the competition for the Mongolian trade.

Cypress water tanks have been known to defy decay for more than a quarter of century.

Japanese ships that get a subsidy are obliged to carry more than half of their maximum load.

In 30 years Boston has not averaged one death out of five babies born during the year.

Ranking next to the sun's rays in stimulating and germicidal effects are the rays from electric lights.

Germany now leads the world in the number of electric furnaces for smelting, refining and casting.

Vaccine virus is rendered absolutely pure by radium emanations, according to an Italian scientist.

The government posts and telegraph administration controls all wireless telegraph stations in France.

Sheep's milk to the amount of 4,000,000 quarts was consumed in France last year in making Roquefort cheese.

Pennsylvania's new pure food law forbids the use of 23 specified adulterants or preservatives.

Ten huge searchlights to cost $30,000 are to be installed on the fortifications at the entrance to Manila bay.

Philadelphia has the largest percentage of improved streets of any of the large six cities in the United States.

The number of telephone messages in this country in 1907 was eleven billion, an increase of six billion in five years.

There are trade secrets in the Chinese vermilion industry centuries old, which no foreigner has ever been able to fathom.

An automobile has been brought safely to Europe that is light enough to be picked up and carried by two men, whom it will accommodate.

In addition to being a beverage, palm wine may be used as a yeast, an insecticide and a disinfectant, and it also will remove rust from metals.

Consul Maynard, of Vladivostok, Siberia, repeats the familiar charge that American manufacturers lost foreign markets because of their indifference.

The amount sent in money orders from the United States to Sweden in 1909 was six times as large as the amount sent from Sweden to the United States.

The United States leads the world as an exporter of tobacco, having supplied about $41,000,000 worth of the leaf in one form or another to the international tobacco trade.

Fireboats, owned by several of the larger cities, are now supplied with masts to elevate the discharge nozzles on the same principle that water towers are used by land firemen.

Electrical engineers are proposing that trolley cars be equipped with ball bearings in order to let the cars coast as much as possible and thus reduce the consumption of energy.

France is systematically reforesting its barren places to revive the soil, abate floods, mitigate droughts, provide employment for her workers, and furnish raw materials for her factories.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States will transport 300,000 carloads of automobiles this year, earning $6,000,000 to partially counteract the loss in passenger fares.

By the reconstruction of a municipal power and water supply dam that was destroyed in 1900 the city of Austin, Tex., will create a lake more than 40 miles long and nearly a mile wide.

Every police patrol box in Los Angeles will be supplied with first aid bandages and medicines, so that a policeman can care for the victim of a street accident before the ambulance arrives.

The city of Breslau maintains children's houses for young people for socialistic amusement and other recreation, with playgrounds, reading rooms, assembly halls, shower baths and so on.

As a means of identification, should they stray away, the children in a New York institution for deaf mutes are tattooed with their names and addresses, an ink being used that wears off after a year or two.

At St. Joachimstahl, Bohemia, where the Austrian government has its radium laboratory, a large bathing establishment is being erected for baths in the radio-active water taken from the pitchblende mine there.

It was a French ambassador in London to whom a peeress had been talking for an hour. The lady said: "You must think I am very fond of the sound of my own voice." The Frenchman replied: "I know you liked music."

There are now 14 Protestant church buildings in Rome: Three English Episcopal, one Presbyterian, two Methodist, four Baptist, one Waldensian, one German Lutheran and one of the Free Italian church.

A Buff Orpington rooster, missing for three weeks, was found wedged in the wooden foundation of a haystack at Stanford, Kent. The bird was as thin as a lath, but

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LETTERS COLLEGE AT FIFTY

Former Baptist Preacher Is Freshman at Michigan University.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 7.—In decided contrast with the appearance of the typical freshman, Ulysses Grant Houston, of Manhattan, Kas., has registered in the literary department in the University of Michigan. He will pursue studies in Latin, Greek and literature.

Houston has traveled widely and was formerly a minister in the Baptist church. He left the church and for several years appeared on the lecture platform. He is now without friends, so came to Ann Arbor to find solace in books.

He says he has but $150, but hopes to earn something preaching in the little towns and country around Ann Arbor. He has traveled through the United States, Europe and Holy Land and says he has to have material for good lectures on his travels.

"I'm sort of nervous about entering college, though, just like any other freshman," he said. "But somehow I guess I'll get through."

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HUGE LOSS IN TIMBER WASTE.

Conserver Says Yearly Loss Is $100,000,000 in U. S.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8.—At today's session of the southern conservation congress J. B. White, of Kansas City, long prominent in the conservation movement, said that with a 20 per cent waste of top logs left in the woods 2,600,000,000 feet of lumber annually was lost to the south alone. In the nation he said 40,000,000,000 feet of lumber were being cut annually and as a result of this "top waste" alone $100,000,000 yearly was lost.

J. C. Peters, chief of the co-operation department of the United States forestry service, said that the south cuts practically half the lumber in the United States, and that forests occupy more than one-third of the south's total land area. Unless the timber is properly cut, he said, much of this forest land will be unsulted to agriculture.

MAN FLIES 104 MILES

Aviator on Way to St. Louis From Springfield.

Aviation Field, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 8.—Arch. Hoxsey today broke the world's record for an areoplane flight without stop. He started from Springfield at 11:15 o'clock this morning and landed safely here this afternoon at 3:27 o'clock. The distance between Springfield and St. Louis is 86 miles, but because of the circuitous route he traveled Hoxsey flew 104 miles and made it without a stop.

The spectators on the field saw Hoxsey at 2:15, and the aviator, apparently trying to find the field, circled while 1,000 feet in the air to the south of the grounds. After trying in vain to locate his objective point he landed at the Country club five miles from the field. Including the flight from the club to the field he covered 109 miles.

Did Not See Train.

When he was advised as to the location of the field he started his engine and sailed easily to the grounds. He was in sight five minutes before he came to the ground.

Walter Brookins, another Wright aviator, went into the air when he saw that Hoxsey was lost, but failed to find him. He returned to the field before Hoxsey.

Hoxsey said he did not see the special train which left Springfield on the Chicago & Alton tracks at any time on the trip.

Gillespie is just north of Staunton, Hoxsey's old home. He made a detour in order to pass over Saunton.

GOBBLES UP COAL LAND

Standard Oil Purchases 500,000 Acres, Entering New Line.

Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—It became known here last night that Josiah V. Thompson, of Uniontown, multimillionaire coal operator and banker, had disposed of his entire coal and oil holdings in Washington and Greene counties, Pennsylvania; also those in Ohio and West Virginia, to the Standard Oil Co., who now for the first time openly enters the coal operating business.

The deal involves the transfer of about $55,000,000 worth of property and is the biggest transaction financially put through in coal lands in this district. The Greene county holdings aggregate about 136,000 acres, while those of Washington county will total 40,000 acres. The six counties of West Virginia will add 275,000 acres to the total.

OHIO LEADS IN AUTOMOBILES

Registrar Reports 32,051, With 6,000 in Cleveland.

Columbus, O., Oct. 6.—Ohio leads all other states, with the possible exception of New York, in the number of automobiles owned by citizens, according to statistics given out today by Auto Registrar Caley, the number being 32,051. Pennsylvania has 30,505. Massachusetts 28,272, New Jersey 25,520, Illinois 21,081, Indiana 9,110. Cleveland alone has more than 6,000 automobile owners. New York officials were unable to furnish the number in that state.

SEEKS TO BUY NEGROES' HAIR

Manufacturer Says It Is Good Substitute for Wool.

Greenville, Miss., Oct. 8.—Shaved heads will be common among the colored people in the South in the future, according to plans of J. W. Falls, a Fall River, Mass., manufacturer, who, assisted by agents throughout the Southern States, has just launched a plan to buy up all the kinky hair available. Fancy prices are offered for the "wool," which Falls says is stronger and more satisfactory for certain purposes than sheeps' wool, and is growing so scarce.

ROOSEVELT BECOMES LECTURER

Thousands Pay to Hear Him First Time on Platform.

New York, Oct. 6.—Three thousand residents of Brooklyn last night paid from $1.00 to $3.50 to hear Theodore Roosevelt talk on "What It Meant to Be an American." This is the first formal appearance of the former president upon the lecture platform.

The address was delivered under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Nearly every seat in the house was occupied.

GET POLITICS BY MAIL

Voters Flooded With Copies of Tariff Speeches.

Washington, Oct. 6.—If every voter who is able to read is not supplied with sufficient campaign literature it will not be the fault of the campaign committees of the Republican and Democratic parties. Speeches, made mostly at the last session of congress upon the views of the day—the tariff, high cost of living and the trusts—are being sent broadcast under the franik of certain representatives and senators. It has been estimated that 10,000,000 copies of speeches have been sent out by the campaign committees of the two political parties. Most of these speeches, in the past, have been printed at the government printing office at a nominal cost to the persons ordering them, but this year a new plan was tried.

The labor vote was appealed to by having part of the printing done outside of the government office, so that the literature could carry the union label. It was also stated that the printing is done at a cheaper rate by the outsiders than by the government printing office.

Choice Is Offered.

It is said that if one only read the speeches of the Republicans that they would be convinced that the tariff was revised downward and to the benefit of the country at large, while it is said that the arguments in the speeches of the Democrats are equally as strong proving the contrary. The Republicans have sent out principally speeches defending the tariff, but they have also distributed arguments in defense of trusts. "Corporate Control of the Republican Party" is the text of a speech made by John J. Esch of Wisconsin, which has been widely circulated by the campaign committee.

The speech of Speaker Cannon delivered at Kansas City, Mo., on Nov. 23, 1909, and printed as a senate document by Senator Hale, of Maine, in which the speaker said that the Payne tariff law would justify itself, has also been sent broadcast. Of the Democratic speeches that have been sent and are being sent, those of Champ Clark, of Missouri, are most in demand with the exception of the Dolliver speech.

The Clark speech is entitled "The President and the Tariff," and is a general review of the tariff situation, of course bringing out the defects of the law. It is the speech in which the minority leaders in the house made the prediction that the next house would be Democratic.

Like the speeches mailed by the Republicans, the Democrats have taken the tariff as their chief object of attack. Most of the speeches being distributed are arguments against the Payne law, but they are also sending out some on the subject of the trusts and the merchant marine. Large forces of clerks have been busy here for some time preparing these speeches for mailing, and the country will soon be flooded with his campaign literature. Of course large quantities of speeches have been sent out all summer, but just now the bulk of the arguments are being mailed so that the facts as presented will be fresh in the minds of the voters in November.

THE BRESLIN

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

BROADWAY, CORNER OF TWENTY-NINTH STREET

Most convenient hotel to all Subways and Depots.
Rooms $1.50 per day and upwards with use of baths.
Rooms $2.50 per day and upwards with private bath.

Baggage delivered free from new Pennsylvania Depot.

Best Restaurant in New York City with Club Breakfast and the world famous

"CAFE ELYSEE"

NEW YORK

DIETZ GIVES UP

Milwaukee, Oct. 8.—A bulletin to the Milwaukee Journal from Winter, Wis., says Dietz surrendered this afternoon. The surrender followed the appearance of his little daughter Helen with a white flag. Followng this, officers arrested and handcuffed Dietz.

A courier from Cameron Dam reported that the firing on Dietz home by the deputies was long sustained. Only one rifle answered from the Dietz home. About 1,000 shots were fired at the cabin.

Scene Was Peaceful.

Before the shooting began John Dietz for two hours walked about in the early morning fog on the edge of the trap laid by the officers. Slowly the curtain of fog lifted revealing the dim outlines of the cabin.

It was 7:35 when Dietz appeared and walked directly to the barn between the cabin and the lumber piles behind which the deputies were concealed. The watchers at the edge of the woods held their breaths, expecting to see Dietz shot dead in his tracks. Something evidently went wrong.

Later, every man of the family appeared and strayed some distance from the cabin. Little Johnnie galloped about with the dogs at his heels. Helen let the cows out of the pasture, and Mrs. Dietz came out on the porch, clearing away the remains of the breakfast.

The scene was completely tranquil until Leslie started his ill-fated trip to round up a straying cow. Suddenly the crack of a rifle sounded from the woods behind the house. One of the three dogs gave a whine of pain, jumped up in the air and fell dead. Then the fusilade broke loose.

NEWLY WEDS TO TRAMP GLOBE

Couple Starts From New York on Novel Honeymoon.

New York, Oct. 6.—Harry Humphries and Elsie Kelsey were married at the City Hall today by an alderman and started to walk around the world on their honeymoon tour. The couple were dressed lightly for their long tramp and each carried a small bag containing compact cooking utensils. Mr. and Mrs. Humphries said they intended to walk until they were tired and then to sleep, either outdoors, in barns or hotels—wherever, in fact, circumstances find them. The first part of their journey will take them to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Humphries, who are subjects of Great Britain, are 27 and 21 years old, respectively.

FORESEES SECESSION AGAIN

Yale Professor Declares Republicans Are Disrupting Union.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 6.—Asserting that the Republican rule in this country is tending rapidly toward the disruption of the union, Prof. D. Cady Eaton, of Yale, in a letter addressed to the Democratic party, declares that "a new secession, not handicapped this time by slavery, may be the only way for the people to regain their liberties and terminate the rule of graft."

He further asserts that "the people of the several sovereign states are tired of centralization, imperialism, 'world power,' colonization and everything that is opposed to the principles declared by the people at the beginning of the republic."

MARRIED MEN TO GET OLD TIES

Canal Authorities Will Furnish Benedicts Kindling.

Washington, Oct., 6—Old cross ties for married men is the latest dictum of the Isthmian canal authorites.

The quartermaster's department in Ancon has ordered that the worthless ties which have been relaid several times until they have become full of spike holes are good enough for supplying kindling to the quarters of the married people in the canal zone. Heretofore old boxes and odds and ends from building operations filled the demand.

DAME NATURE HINTS

When the Food is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit the old coffee and the starchy breakfast foods and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice. I began using them three months ago.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way.

"Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

"There's a reason."

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

2 TOWNS BURNED

Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 8.—The towns of Beaudette and Spooner, Minn., have been wiped out by fire. Many lives have been reported lost and millions of dollars of property destroyed by forest fires which bore down on the towns from the northwest.

Refugees coming into Rainy River, Ontario, state that corpses are lying along the railway track.

The forest fires crossed Rainy River, Ont., and burned in three or four places.

The mill of the Rat Portage Co., of Winnipeg, was destroyed with a loss of $200,000.

A dispatch from Rainy River says: "This is the most disastrous fire in the history of northern Minnesota and Ontario. Several lives were lost and millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed. Fire broke out to the northwest of Beaudette and Spooner and in a half hour the two towns were on fire."

Trains to Rescue.

The Canadian Northern railway sent 50 box cars to the relief of the inhabitants and in 15 minutes the crowded train with human freight had reached the Canadian side. In the meantime the town of Rainy River, to which the refugees had fled, had started to burn. Fifteen million feet of lumber burned at the Rat Portage mill.

Incoming trains report the right of way strewn with corpses. Five have been found between Rainy river and a point five miles west of there. These persons had evidently attempted to escape from the flames by walking back into its path. Many had narrow escapes, and 1,000 are homeless with only the clothes they wear.

It is feared that hundreds of settlers in the adjacent woods have perished.

TO STOP HOG CHOLERA

Federal Experts Find Serum Which They Believe to Be Effective.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Cholera, the great scourge that has so long served to render the raising of hogs a hazardous undertaking, has, in the opinion of experts of the agricultural department, been conquered. The bureau of animal industry of that department has been getting cumulative evidence for some time to show how efficacious as a preventive of the disease is a new serum which the bureau has been testing. As the crowning triumph of the serum the bureau describes an experiment at the Union stocks at South Omaha, Neb., in co-operation with the Union Stocks Co,. of Omaha.

"The Stock Yards Co.," says the bureau, "purchased 30 pigs, weighing from 40 to 60 pounds each, from a farm which had been free from hog cholera for several years. These pigs were brought to the stock yards, and on July 23, 1910, four of them were injected with blood from hogs sick of hog cholera. These inoculated pigs were placed in a pen by themselves, and within five days they had become sick, at which time 18 of the remaining pigs were each given one dose of the serum while the other eight pigs were not treated in any way.

Untreated Pigs Took Disease.

"The 18 serum treated pigs and the eight untreated pigs were then placed in the same pen with the four pigs which had been made sick by inoculation.

"The four pigs which were first given hog cholera all died and the eight untreated pigs all contracted the disease from them. The 18 pigs which were given serum and which were confined in the same pen with the four original sick pigs and with the sick untreated pigs remained perfectly well and were finally turned over to the officials of the Stock Yards Co. upon the completion of the experiment September 17, 1910."

The department of agriculture does not distribute this serum to farmers, but is endeavoring to bring the value of this method to the attention of the stock raising interests in order that they may arrange to secure state funds for the manufacture and distribution of the serum.

JULIA WARD HOWE HONORED

Author of 92 Years Is Given Honorary Degree.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 6.—The Rev. Dr. Marion Leroy Burton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., yesterday became the president of Smith college. Honorary degrees were conferred on the following: Doctor of sciences, Dr. Rena Sabin, associate professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins university; doctor of humanities, Harriet Boyd Hawe, Washington, D. C. archeologist; Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke college; Julia Henrietta Gulliver, president of Rockford college, Illinois; Jane Addams, head of Hull House, Chicago, and Julia Ward Howe, Boston.

When Mrs. Howe, now in her 92d year, was brought to the platform in a wheel chair to receive her degree, the entire audience rose to its feet. After the degree had been conferred there was tremndous applaus, and then the entire audience, numbering about 3,000, burst into singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic, Mrs. Howe's best known composition.

20 BRIDGES WASHED AWAY

Henderson, Ky., Oct. 6.—Twenty bridges near Henderson have been swept away by a rain which has been falling almost without interruption since Monday night. Railroad traffic from the south has been suspended because of washouts. Around Union station water stands six feet deep. Business houses have been flooded with much damage to goods.

NINE BODIES ARE FOUND

First of New Hampshire's Victims Recovered.

New York, Oct. 7.—For the first time since the swamping of the barge of the battleship New Hampshire last Saturday night, through which 20 or more of Uncle Sam's sailors lost their lives, the North river began yesterday to give up its dead.

Nine bodies, eight of which have been identified, were picked up, nearly all of them within half a mile of the scene of the accident. The identified dead were P. P. White, Robert Karl, T. J. Uehlin, P. F. Bakeman, Moses Johnson, R. E. Werner, Guido Amazope and W. A. Richardson. Karl is supposed to have enlisted from Cleveland, O.

The unidentified body taken from the river was nearly five miles from where the New Hampshire's men were drowned. The clothing bore the name of "E. N. Dubee." No sailor of that name has been reported missing from any ship of the fleet.

All the bodies are now on the hospital ship Solace, where they will be held until they are taken away for burial by relatives.

REMEMBERS HE IS AN HEIR

Man, Lost 12 Years, Regains Memory in Second Accident.

Galveston, Texas, Oct. 10.—John Wilson, a fireman on the Southern Pacific Railroad, suffered a fracture of the skull in a freight train accident three weeks ago, and underwent an operation. When the operation was over his memory was cleared and he recalled that his name was Albert Clarkson, formerly of Crockett county, Texas, where he was reared on a ranch owned by his father, William Clarkson.

The young man began inquiry to locate his family and learned that his father and mother were dead and that for ten years a brother had been advertising for Clarkson to notify him that he was heir to a half interest in the estate, valued at more than $400,000, in lands in Crockett and Sutton counties.

Clarkson left home sixteen years ago, when he was nineteen years old. Twelve years ago he fell down an elevator shaft in Minneapolis, and from that moment his memory was a blank as to everything that occurred previously. He does not know how he got the name of Wilson.

TO SAVE COW'S REPUTATION

Owner Wants Company Kept From Rejecting Record.

New York, Oct. 6.—A state supreme court here has been asked for an injunction to guard the reputation of a cow.

The cow's owner, Henry Taylor, of South Portsmouth, R. I., asks that the American Guernsey Cattle Co. be restrained from rejecting her record as submitted by him for entry in the American official register.

The cow "Missy of the Glen," is credited by the Rhode Island experimental station with 14,600 pounds of milk and 950 pounds of butter fat in a single year and on this basis she lays claim to a world's championship.

BILLY SUNDAY IS DISPLEASED

Evangelist Discontented Because of Little Support.

Newcastle, Pa., Oct. 6.—Evangelist Billy Sunday is discontented, despite his having made nearly 800 conversions here. He feels that not enough church members are volunteering to aid him as personal workers to go among the great audiences that nightly greet him and help him win converts.

Sunday this evening told his audience that he could pack his trunk at the drop of a hat and get out, and that he often felt like leaving, but wouldn't.

Sunday told his audience last night: "You can't sin secretly and fool either God or the public. God knows anyhow and your own face and actions will be a dead give away before the public."

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

$1.45 SENT PREPAID BUYS THIS 17-Jewel Elgin in a Fine 20-Year Gold Filled Case.

ON FREE TRIAL at Our Bed Rock Wholesale Price.

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

Only $1.00 a Month

Our Elgin Watches are so well known and our CREDIT PLAN so easy, that no matter where you live or how small your wages, WE WILL TRUST YOU, so that you and every honest man and woman can own a Diamond or High Grade Elgin Watch in a beautiful Guaranteed 25-year Gold Case and wear it while paying for it in such small payments that you never miss the money. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE WATCH AND JEWELRY CATALOG. It tells all about our easy Credit Plan and how we send Elgin 19-Jewel B. W. Raymond and 21 and 23-Jewel Elgin Veritas everywhere on Free Trial, without security or one cent deposit. Positively Guaranteed to Pass Any Railroad Inspection. HARRIS-GOAR CO. THE HOUSE THAT SELLS MORE ELGIN WATCHES THAN ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD.

DEPT. 1432, Monadnock Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL. Or, 1432 Walnut St., KANSAS CITY, MO.

FREIGHT PAID PRICES ON NEW LUMBER

Here is a chance to BUY LUMBER at 30 to 60 per cent less than is usually asked for it. It is absolutely brand new and first class in every particular and guaranteed grades. We bought $5,000,000 feet from lumber mills at half the usual prices and we are giving the public the benefit of it. There is absolutely no possibility for you to go wrong in this matter. Never in twenty years has Lumber been offered at such low prices as we name. If you do not take advantage of this chance, you are missing a splendid opportunity. We quote freight prepaid price.

SEND LUMBER BILL FOR ESTIMATE

Include in your list every single article you need to build or improve. It makes no difference whether you need a full carload or not, we will save you money. Our stock includes everything used in building, and it is good material too; nothing better made. Every dollar's worth is covered by a binding guarantee. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere.

Our Capital Stock and Surplus is over $1,000,000. We have a complete stock of Plumbing Material, Heating Apparatus, Hardware, Fencing, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Office Furniture, Pipe, Culverts, Structural Iron, Machinery, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Shoes, etc., etc.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE 1000 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG No. L. H. 297

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING Co., 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

WIFE'S SPIRIT BLAMED

Husband Says Ghost of "Second" Hovered Over Bed of "Third."

New York, Oct. 8.—Objections raised by the spirit of the second wife of William Walter Phelps Dodge, the Anglicized American author and lawyer, to her successor wearing her jewelry are said to have been the reason for the separation of Mr. Dodge and his third wife, who was Miss Helen Steck, formerly in the chorus of Havana.

This amazing explanation of the troubles which have arisen in the Dodge family since the marriage last winter was given yesterday by Mrs. Dodge's mother, Mrs. Edward M. Steck, formerly the wife of a Pennsylvania coal operator. Mr. Dodge's second wife was Mrs. Ethel Coles, an English woman whom he married soon after her divorce in South Dakota. She has since died and her bodily presence upon earth seems to have been succeeded by a very selfish spiritual one.

So peevish did the spirit become that Mrs. Dodge was soon stripped of the $50,000 worth of jewelry her husband had given her, besides various valuable articles of apparel.

A separation agreement is said to have been signed, the young wife to receive $300 a month, but Mrs. Steck says efforts have been made to cut this to $100 a month. She added that an offer had been made to buy the agreement for a lump sum of $5,000.

"On July 27 I sailed for England and met Helen there," said Mrs. Steck. "Walter brought her to see me, and I thought their troubles had all been fixed up. But when I asked Helen what had become of all her beautiful jewelry, I learned something that astounded me. She told me that Walter had come into her room one morning and had said: 'Helen, I saw Ethel's spirit hovering over your bed last night.' The next night 'Ethel's spirit' appeared again, and this time it indicated that the cause of its presence was an Irish lace gown. From that time on the spirit was a constant visitor, and after every visit Helen had one less piece of finery or jewelry."

HUGHES LEAVES STATE OFFICE

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Governor Hughes is to retire tomorrow to assume his new duties next week as an associate justice of the United States supreme court. He will tender a luncheon at 1 o'clock in the executive mansion to Lieutenant Governor Horace White and members of the governor's military and secretarial staff.

Following the luncheon the party will go to the capitol, where Governor Hughes will formally resign and turn the office over to Lieutenant Governor White.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of TIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A N-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the largest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 2 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH, Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. R. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115, E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas, WH174, Chicago.

FITS Epilepsy. Only cure. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

Boys and Girls Here is your chance. The biggest value. The easiest to sell and obtain the finest of prizes. Write quick; we want you. Manufacturers Selling Dept. 8, Westerville, O.

OLD COINS $7.75 paid for rare date 1853 Quarters. $20 for a $1. Keep all money coined before 1884, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Dept. 65, Le Roy, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Mi-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

ROOSEVELT'S Marvelous Life and Adventures. Millions will be sold. Experience unnecessary. Big money. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 211 Madison st., Chicago, Ill.

25 ASSORTED POST CARDS, 10c—Thanksgiving, birthday, flower and other designs; fine assortment. 10-cent coupon free. Dept. G, Wabash Post Card Co., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY—Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. The Exchange, Box 829 P. O., Kansas City, Mo.

Electric Railroads are Proving to be Big Money-Makers

I Am Building the Dan Patch Electric Line and Offer You This Opportunity to Invest With Me in This Great Enterprise

The First Electric Line to Tap the Wealth of Our Golden Northwest.

I Will Give You $1000 in the Voting Stock, Absolutely Free, in Addition to a 10 Share Investment, and I Believe this Free Stock Will Increase to Over $2000 Cash Value. Smaller Investments Will Receive Same Proportion of Free Stock.

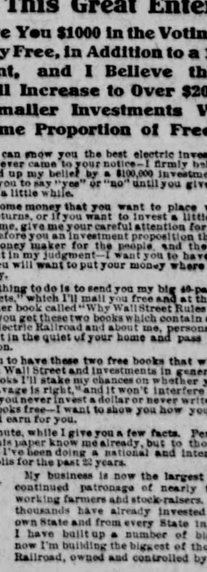
I BELIEVE I can show you the best electric investment opportunity that ever came to your notice—I firmly believe it and I have backed up my belief by a $100,000 investment myself. I don't want you to say "yes" or "no" until you give me a chance to talk with you a little while.

If you've got some money that you want to place where it will bring you big returns, or if you want to invest a little each month out of your income, give me your careful attention for a little while until I can lay before you an investment proposition that strikes me as a great big money maker for the people, and the indisputable facts bear me out in my judgment—I want you to have all the facts and then I believe you will want to put your money where it will work for you and you only.

Now, the first thing to do is to send you my big 48-page "Book of Electric Railroad Facts," which I'll mail you free and at the same time I also send you my other book called "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money." When you get these two books which contain all the facts about the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and about me, personally, then I'm willing for you to sit in the quiet of your home and pass judgment on the whole proposition.

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get these two books I'll stake my chances on whether you'll say "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our feelings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 22 years.



My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million, thinking, progressive, hard working farmers and stock-raisers. These people are my friends and customers—thousands have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada. I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Northwest and now I'm building the biggest of them all. It is known as the People's Electric Railroad, owned and controlled by the people.

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

The Dan Patch Electric Railroad runs from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul—130 miles.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad, I am really building it now. The Northern Section is now in successful operation—great crowds tax the capacity of our magnificent cars—3000

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

SOMETIMES I think, when all is said and done, that an uneventful life is better than the one which is eventful and that the quiet spirit is better than the restless spirit, which is always seeking for something, it knows not what, and is always longing to go it knows not whither.

Life in the average is made up of small affairs, and those who stand the best chance for happiness are those who can be contented with small affairs. They will never create any stir in the world or make it move faster, but in their own quiet way they are happy, and happy people are good to have on earth.

This has been written by way of a prelude to a glimpse of the Beaton sisters. They have come to be elderly women now, and have lived all of their uneventful lives in the house in which they were born. After the deaths of their father and mother, which occurred when the sisters were in their twenties, they continued to live in the place where their eyes had opened upon the world. Once the street in which they lived was one of homes entirely, but with the growth of the city business moved in that direction. Business blocks supplanted some of the homes. Others were turned into places of business by shop-front additions.

The Beaton home remained unchanged through all the changes. It was a plain, square house, built of brick, whose color time had darkened and enriched. It had a front yard, sufficiently large to permit of a shop addition to the dwelling ,but the Beaton sisters had no idea of keeping a shop, or of doing anything, other than to live out their lives in the same way they had begun to live them.

A big elm tree grew in their front yard and spread its branches protectingly over their roof. In the back yard there was an arbor, covered with grapevines their father had planted before his daughters were born. The arbor arched over a brick wall that ran through the middle of the yard. There were old-fashioned flowers and currant bushes and other growing things appropriate to a yard in which there is a grape arbor.

In a locality in which there was little seclusion their home was given the semblance of seclusion by the buildings which stood at each side like high walls and on a line with the street. Inside of the house the old-fashioned furniture was arranged in the way it had always been arranged when Mrs. Beaton was the one in authority. Her daughters kept the house as she had taught them to keep it, and, there being none to make any disorder, their housekeeping was conducted with clocklike regularity. Their lives were conducted with clocklike regularity, also. They found happiness in one another, and it was seldom they had even a slight disagreement.

Amanda was the elder. Caroline came next. After her came Lavinia. Between each of the sisters there was a difference of but two years, so they had been children together and they grew elderly together. The entire history of their lives might be written in three words: "Nothing much happened," with the exception of a single episode which, for a time, threatened their separation.

This episode was when Lavinia became engaged and very nearly married. The reason she did not marry was because she could not get her own consent to leave her sisters. The man to whom she was engaged was going as missionary to a far country, and Lavinia could not see that her duty lay in the direction of unknown heathen, so she bade farewell to matrimony and to the missionary.

Her sisters did not try to influence her decision either way, but they were glad they might stay together, and then, the one love romance in the family, though it was mild and came to nothing, gave to their lives a tinge of pleasant excitement and something for them to refer to with pride in the years that came after. It always remained fresh in their minds, and they dated many things from the time when Lavinia was engaged and very nearly married.

"It was her own choice," her sisters said. "Lavinia wasn't jilted. He was a real proper man," they added, quaintly.

Their income was small, but certain. It was sufficient for their wants, because their wants were simple. They were not affected by the fashions, and it mattered not to them about having their gowns and bonnets in the newest style, so long as they were in a wearable condition. They knew to a penny how they expended their money. Each year they saved a little so they might have something to fall back on in case of illness or some other emergency.

They went to church regularly and contributed to its support according to their means. They helped the poor and needy whenever they knew there were poor and needy near them. In the street of many changes, their neighbors changed frequently, but they did the best they could in the way of being good neighbors, though they often remarked to one another, "It seems as if we just get acquainted and then they're up and off."

Amanda, being the elder, was the head of the family and took the lead in administering its affairs. Caroline, next in age, was the housekeeper. Lavinia did most of the sewing. In the eyes of her sisters, Lavinia never grew out of girlhood, and occasionally they were haunted by the fear that with youth's instability, she might change her mind and marry the missionary, though when they spoke confidentially to each other of this dread possibility, they said, "We wouldn't put a straw in her way if it comes that she wants to marry."

Of this, Lavinia, so far as it could be observed, showed no symptoms, and they lived their peaceful lives without interruption.

This glimpse of real life has been written as one that has passed, but it is still very much in the present. The Beaton home stands in the street of many changes, just as it has been pictured. The lives of the Beaton sisters are being conducted in just the same manner they have been described. Little happens with them, except contentment and a bit of help given here and there, where a bit of help is needed.

At night Amanda, as the head of the family, is the last to retire. It is she who winds the clock, puts out the cat, and locks the doors. It is Amanda who unlocks the doors and lets in the cat in the morning. It is quite likely they will live like this so long as they are living. It is a good wish for them that separation may be long in coming and that when it comes it may be only of short duration.

And now that the story is ended, "nothing much to this," you may be saying.

No, there is not. There is nothing exciting or eventful, but sometimes I think, when all is said and done, that an uneventful life is better than one which is eventful, and that the quiet spirit is better than the restless spirit which is always seeking something, it knows not what, and is always longing to go, it knows not whither.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

I wish happiness to everyone.

A peaceful home is a happy home.

Always remember it takes two to make a quarrel. You never need be one of the two.

It is better any hour in the day to get out in the air, in either stormy or pleasant weather, than it is to sit weeping by the fireside.

If you are always looking for the dark side of things, the dark side you will always see and most likely, have.

Face life fearlessly, and you will discover how little there is to fear.

Take it from me there is some good in everyone. Try to discover this some good and make it stronger.

It is often said that our environment either makes or mars us, but it is not said often enough that if we are in a bad environment, we may help to make it better.

Life is made up of habits. Get good habits and you will have a healthy, happy life. One of the good habits, is a sweet temper.

As we think, so are we likely to act. Let your thoughts be of good cheer, health and kindliness.

Banish envy, hatred and malice from your system. To entertain these is as bad as a chronic illness.

Always, always, if things have gone wrong, if you have gone wrong, you may begin over and go right.

If you get into the habit of thinking of others more than you do of yourself, you will have much less trouble with yourself.

Now, really is there any lasting satisfaction in "roasting" anyone?

When you have the impulse to rush off and tell some one what you think of him when you are thinking angry things, run the other way.

Avoid talking of illness as much as if it were something that cannot be mentioned in polite society. You know without being told, how much worse you feel after you have been comparing symptoms with some fellow sufferer.

RUSTY OVENS

There will not be any trouble about rust in gas ovens if these directions are followed:

Saturate a soft cloth with olive oil and rub, not wipe, the linings, oven racks, sides and burners, also the broiler oven and pans. The whole range inside and outside should be treated the same way at least once a week. If you have the time to spare it is better to do this every day and you will have a stove to be proud of. Of course all parts should be cleaned thoroughly if necessary, before applying the oil. There will not be an odor from the olive oil when the oven is heating . I am as particular about keeping the gas range in a good condition as I am the piano, for it is a very important factor in our home to have a convenient and economical cook stove. Some of the modern methods are a great saving of time, strength, and patience, as well. How nice we can keep our homes looking by working and planning.—M. E. N., Indiana.

If you cannot say kind things, pleasant things, when you talk, it is far better to keep silent.

THIS IS JUST FOR FUN

SINCE time immemorial, Hallowe'en has been celebrated in some form or other. At first, so far as history relates, it was a great festival of the Druids. Later it came to have a religious significance. In its modern version it is a time to have fun and frolic; of signs and symbols, and of absurd practices. It is one of the days we celebrate just for fun, and the most popular way of celebrating is to have a hallowe'en party, where ancient superstitions are revived; fate is tested and Folly, in her cap and bells, is queen. The popularity of Hallowe'en parties increases as Hallowe'en grows in age, and while its customs, "age cannot wither, nor customs diversions are founded upon ancient tom stale" their merry-making qualities.

What to do at Hallowe'en parties is an old, old story that is yearly told and probably will be yearly told for enlightment of generations yet unborn. A little nonsense now and then is good for everyone, lest we grow too doleful and make of life a dark and dismal swamp of woe.

Having made these few remarks we will now turn our attention to the aforesaid diversions, suitable to the aforesaid Hallowe'en parties. If you do not expect to give a Hallowe'en party it may be you will enjoy reading about the things you might do if you were going to give such a party, or, if you are intending to thus entertain, it may be you shall find a few helpful hints for the coming celebration. In either case, here's hoping this writing may be honored with a small bit of approval.

Above all else, hearts are trumps at Hallowe'en, and most of the games are planned with intent to peer into the matrimonial future. Here are quite a number of things to do, from which you may take your choice:

Tassels from corn ears are named by the girls, placed over the door of the room in which the fun is going on, and the first man to pass under the one bearing his name is supposed to be the life partner of the girl who named it.

The candle fortune is another way. Place lighted candles in an open window, and the one which burns the longest is the one who will remain faithful to the end. The candles are silently named before being lighted. None need tell the name.

This is a rite which comes from old Scotland:

Two young persons go hand in hand to the vegetable garden, if you happen to have one. If not, you cannot play this game. With closed eyes each picks a cabbage stalk, being careful not to shake the clinging earth from the roots. If the stalks are long and symmetrically shaped, the portent is a good one. If much earth clings around the roots, it is a sure sign that wealth is in store. The earth is then brushed off, and as a last resort the stalks are placed over the front door, and the first person who enters will have a lasting influence for good upon the lives of the lovers.

The ancient rite of the Three Bowls, origin unknown, is another way of telling fortunes. Arrange three bowls, or saucers, on a table. Fill one bowl with water, one with milk, and leave the other empty. The girl who wishes to try her fate is blindfolded, turned around three times, and started in the direction of the bowls. If she dips her finger in the water, she will marry a bachelor, if in the milk, her husband will be a widower. If she touches the empty dish, she will be an old maid. After each test is made, the order of the bowls must be changed, to prevent those who watch from knowing which is which. Unmarried men may come into this game, as well as the maids, only, of course, it cannot be expected that any man will ever become a spinster.

CENTERPIECE FOR A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

At supper, more mirth and laughter may be occasioned by having a large cake in the centre of the table with as many candles on it as there are guests, each candle of a different color. When the cake is passed, each guest chooses the candle that pleases her fancy. While this is going on, the hostess reads:

She who takes the candle blue
Will find her sweetheart ever true.
The pink, the sweetest of them all,
Will wed a fellow six feet tall.
Alas! for yellow, bright to see,
Your lover e'er will jealous be.
Happy she who orange takes—
Quickly prepare your wedding cakes.
Joyless, houseless maiden she
If the candle white should be
Crown her blest this very night
Who has chosen crimson bright.
She whose choice inclines to red
Her heart's love will surely wed.

A Mystery cake affords opportunity for mirth and laughter. Its "mystery" is this: The cake is cut by lot, it being considered an honor to cut the first slice. Inside the cake are tiny white bags, inserted before baking or icing. One bag contains flour, which indicates a rich marriage. another holds sugar, signifying a love match; a third is filled with corn meal, which indicates that its recipient will have to work for a living. Three empty bags, foretell singleblessedness for the next year.

For decorations, branches of oak trees, autumn leaves, evergreens and jack-o'-lanterns in candle-lighted rooms are most appropriate. An open fire is a delightful part of the evening. Red is the color most used at Hallowe'en parties, and a red cover looks joyful on the supper table. From Burns and Shakespeare may be found suitable quotations.

A pretty centerpiece for the supper table is shown by the accompanying illustration. It is made from a pumpkin hollowed out and filled with fruit. Lighted candles decorate it, and its base is encircled with autumn leaves or flowers.

These things and more, which have not been told, are Hallowe'en diversions and accompaniments. It is a time for merriment and good temper, and to remember, when the children run a little wild, that you were once young yourself.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—Did you ever take a ride on a hay wagon to a bean dinner? On the third of this month, a party, of which I was one, had that pleasure. We went to Wilkesville, Ohio, sixteen miles away. It was threatening rain when the wagon came along, drawn by four fine horses. A Mr. Powell was the driver, and a most careful one he was, too. My wife bought a dozen small flags, with which we decorated the horses. As we started, it began to rain, and we thought seriously of staying at home, but some of the younger ones begged so hard to go on, that we consented. When we had taken on the last one, there were 29 of us. The rain began to come down steadily, and such a time as we had! All of the women and girls who wore hats, left them at neighbor's houses along the way, but for all that, it was the happiest party I was ever in. Everyone who had an umbrella, turned the rain down his or her neighbor's neck. We sang songs, and cracked jokes at others, or our own expense. Every apple or peach tree was a station. If our train did not stop, we—the men folks—jumped off and helped ourselves, then we had a tramp through the mud to catch up with the wagon again.

The trip was over the hills, and the rain made the roads so slippery that we were about five hours making the trip. Everyone was hoping that the rain would stop, which it did after we were all good and wet. There was not a grumbler on the wagon. When we finally arrived at the grounds, we made a beeline for the beans. It was about 11:15 a. m. and the tables were about filled, but those of us who had been to bean dinners before knew that after the first issue you have to help yourself.

My wife and I had a young couple with us to look after, which we did —not. I went for pans, cups and spoons. After searching around for ten or fifteen minutes, I found some and took them to be washed by the pan-washer. There, some one "swiped" a spoon, causing me to make another search. I secured a place at the table where all of us could get standing room, and then I called for beans, crackers and black coffee. At a bean dinner everyone is equal. The banker and beggar stand up and elbow each other in their efforts to see who can eat the most beans in a given time.

After calling to every one who had a tin pail and a dipper, we were finally served. While eating, we were favored with another shower of rain and with music by the band. Did we leave our beans and run for shelter? Not a bit of it. We just ate all the faster. When we had eaten our fill, we wandered around to see and be seen. It was estimated there were between two and three thousand people there. There were refreshments in abundance, a band, a merry-go-round for the children, and lots of the Merry-go-Rounders of the Toledo Blade. There were three speakers who talked long and loud, but the merry-go-round made so much noise that I only heard the speaker say "congress," by which I took it he was a candidate for that office. For a souvenir my wife got a cane, I a toy spider. These bean dinners take place annually and are given by the G. A. R.

There was a ball game between two amateur teams, Wilkesville vs. Point Rock. This game our crowd did not see, as the wagon started on the return trip at 3 o'clock p. m. and reached home about 7:30 p. m. My wife and I did not return on the wagon, but went home with some friends to Meigs county. Our neighbors told us that they had a most delightful return trip.—Buckeye Bill, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I have been an of his campfire. The engraved rock umns for several years, and was once a member, but I forfeited my right as such by neglecting to write. Here's hoping I'll do better this time, that is, if I am fortunate enough to be admitted again.

I formerly wrote under the name of Shylock. I did not select this name in honor of Shapespeare's character, as I did not know anything about Shakespeare's plays then, but I suppose I chose it just because it sounded "high falutin'."

I enjoy all the letters, but I was particularly interested in Pennemite J-ke's description of Chautauqua, as I am reading the C. L. S. C. this year, and find it a good way to employ profitably, the little margins of spare time which every one has, and which a great many consider of so little importance as to pass them in idleness; or worse still, in the pursuit of questionable pleasures.

North Country farmer, I hope you will come again with more about the reading habit, as anything relating to books, appeals to me. What greater pleasure in life is there than to while away the time "In a nook with a book?" In my opinion there is nothing, and I hope some other members will write about books. I should like to know what you think of home study as a means of gaining an education for those who have never had the advantage of schools. I was compelled to leave school early in life, and what little education I have, was gained at home, during spare moments, but I often get discouraged, and have made little progress.

Well, this is all for this time. I'll try to come again soon and write something more interesting, as I fear the pronoun "I," is overworked in this letter.

I shall sign myself what I am sometimes called, as I am an employe of the government.—Uncle Sam, Indiana.

Dear M. G. R.'s, Please step one side and let me in while I have courage. Of course, I shall ask you to pardon my mistakes. My father came from Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1836, to Baltimore and then to West Virginia, when the bear, deer, wolf and most all other animals howled and growled around the cabin door. Neighbors were miles apart and everything was as nature had placed it. The 30th of September he will be 84 years old, and The Blade has been a welcome visitor since the Nasby letters were published. He has bought a new T. Waldron scythe, made in England, as that kind has always been his favorite, and a swath, and he enjoys mowing so well that he tells the boys, jokingly, he believes they could get along better to use the scythe and not use the machine. Although he has led the boys in many a race across the field, they prefer the modern inventions to the "armstrong" power.

I live among the West Virginia hills, in Braxton county. I have read The Blade 20 years or longer, and I am not tired of it yet. I love the study of nature and nature's laws. I am of the motive temperament, 5 feet 11 inches in height, weigh 175 pounds and—well, I will not say how old I am, but I am old enough to fall in love with The Blade and all its M. G. R.'s. Well, as this is my first visit, I will bid you all adieu and wait to see if I am intruding. If not, I may come again. I will sign my name.—Farmer's Boy, West Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Weather in Toledo at present time of writing: Bright and sunny, with a nice crimp in the air.

The letters bring to the M. G. R. so many different affairs to read about there never is a lack of something doing. Much obliged.

When writing to this page, write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope.

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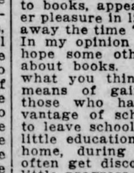

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WALK TODAY

POETS' CORNER

THINKIN' BACK

By James Whitcomb Riley.

I've ben thinkin' back, of late,
S'prisin'ly—And I'm here to state
I'm suspicious it's a sign
Of age, maybe, er decline
Of my faculties—and yit
I'm not feelin' old a bit—
Any more than sixty-four
Ain't no young man any more!

Thinkin' back's a thing 'at grows
On a feller, I suppose—
Older 'at he gits, i-jack,
More he keeps a-thinkin' back!
Old as old men git to be,
Er as middle-aged as me,
Folk'll find us, eye and mind
Fixed on what we've left behind—
Rehabilitatin'-like
Them old times we used to hike
Out barefooted fer the crick,
'Long 'bout April first—to pick
Out some "warmest" place to go
In a-swimmin'—Ooh! my—oh!
Wonder now we hadn't died!
Grate horseradish on my hide
Jes' a-thinkin' how cold then
That—'ere worter must 'a' ben!

Thinkin' back—W'y goodness me!
I kin call their names and see
Every little tad I played
With, er fought, er was afraid
Of, and so made him the best
Friend I had of all the rest!
Thinkin' back, I even hear
Them a-callin', high and clear
Up the crick-banks, where they seem
Still hid in there—like a dream—
And me still a-pantin' on
The green pathway they have gone!
Still they hide, by bend er ford—
Still they hide—but, thank the Lord,
(Thinkin' back, as I have said),
I hear laughin' on ahead!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

Author Unknown.

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past
Here is our family tree.
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer.

And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear.

Her angel face, I see it yet,
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,
When all were false I found the true,
My counselor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy.
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

CROSSING THE BAR

By Alfred Tennyson.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

A CLEAN HEART

Author Unknown.

One thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my path hath miry been;
Be it by water or by fire,
Oh make me clean—Oh make me clean.

CHORUS.

So wash me thou without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how if only sin
Die out in me—Die out in me.

If clearer vision thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart,
Is more to me—Is more to me.

Yea, only as this heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine;
For mirrored in its depths are seen,
The things divine—The things divine.

I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
But watch and struggle as I may,
Pure I am not—Pure I am not.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE

E. T. Corbett.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Jo—
Humph! Job had nothin' to try him
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown
folks wouldn't have dared come
nigh him.
Trials indeed! Now I'll tell you what—
of you want to be sick of your life
Jest come and change places with me
a spell, for I'm an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure
when I take up my coffee-pot,
That' Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it
and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle, once
that would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, as
wasn't his head bruised shockin'!
And there was his "Patent Peeler," to—
—a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped
till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks, and clocks, and mowing
machines, and reapers, and all such
trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em
but they don't bring in no cash.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all;
he's the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there
and whistle and think and plan.
Inventin' a Jew's-harp to go by steam,
or a new-fangled powder horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to
school, and the weeds is chokin' out
corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company he
wasn't like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful
smart—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur that
and he had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would
come when I'd rue my weddin' day.
But when I've been forced to chop
wood, and tend to the farm besides
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've
jest dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop
while he was inventin' a gun,
But I counted it one of my marcies
when it bu'st before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm."
It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his
wits, ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy
he does sech cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yet?
'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock
face at the head,
All you did was to turn them hands
and at any hour you said
The bed got up and shook itself, and
bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up jest like a box, so
you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al 'Bijah he fixed it all complete,
and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't mor'n got into it when—
dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whir,
I heerd a fearful snap,
And there was that bedstead, with
'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a
trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no
use. Then I worked the hull long
night,
A-tryin' to open the pesky thing, at
last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and
thought he might be dyin';
So I took a crowbar and smashed it in.
There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That
was all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found a
out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story,
you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish
warn't an inventor's wife?

MARGUERITE

Author Unknown.

Marguerite! Marguerite! My star of
hope!
I dread the day you'll forget me, Mar-
guerite,
And still I know it soon will come
The festive dance—the rich, the gay—
So different from our home—Margue-
rite,
I would not chide thee—chide thee,
Marguerite,
Nor mar one joy of thine so sweet,
But oh I dread that dreary day,
You'll me forget—Marguerite.

I wandered down by the little bub-
bling brook,
Its every ripple speaks of thee,
The roses too, they droop their head
In sympathy with me—Marguerite,
If this bright world, it were all of mine,
to give,
I would proudly lay it at thy feet.
But oh, the thought you'll not be mine
'Twill break my heart, Marguerite.

POEMS REQUESTED

We are asked for a poem entitled "The Songs His Mother Sang. It tells a story of a campfire pastime in the Civil War when several familiar hymns were sung.

Who knows the song, "Edwin and Mary." Beginning of first verse: When the British proud foe, was invadin' our soil,
And pressing its sons from their free-dom and toil.

Wanted—The poem entitled "The Miner." Following is part of the chorus:
It's only a miner, been killed in the ground,
Only a miner and one more is gone.

Another poem requested contains these words:
Only remembered by what I have done.

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabattus, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and I are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you,' so I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabattus, Me.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing that you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

FROM VERMONT

I have never seen a letter from Vermont, so I will write one; and, as I like descriptive letters the best, I shall try to describe our part of the state. We live about three miles from the New York state line. It is hilly, yes, even mountainous. The climate is healthy and the water is pure and good. We raise all kinds of stock. The farms are fertile, and maple sugar and syrup are made in quantities. The farmers ship their milk to Boston. We have beautiful scenery. About a mile from where we live is a place called the Notch. The rocks are piled high, high in the air. A narrow road winds among them. City people who spend their summers at Manchester in the mountains, picnic at the Notch. A few miles farther away, is another place where they have picnics. It is a cave in the side of Red mountain. In the cave is one room where they have tied many poles together to try to reach the top, but have not succeeded. A stream of cold water runs through. I have heard some say that they have seen white mice in the cave.

Everything is beautiful here. The woods have put on their autumn robe. I am a lover of nature. I love the woods, the fields, the hills; I love the clear blue sky.—A Vermonter.

OLD-TIME SUNDAY SCHOOL

Dear Sisters of the Cozy Corner:—I want to tell you how we were taught the Scriptures when I was a child. Each Sunday, I had to learn six verses from the Bible, beginning at the second chapter of Matthew and continuing to John's Gospel. Besides the verses, we had to commit a hymn to memory. Each Sunday we received two tickets with a verse of Scripture on each one. When we had eight of these tickets, we learned the verses and repeated them to our minister's wife. For this we received a reward ticket, on which were three verses of Scripture. When he had three reward tickets, we learned these and gave them in for a picture ticket. The child who had the most picture tickets at the end of the year, was given his or her choice of a nice, large story book. The small children received story books to suit their age. This combination of Bible study, made the mothers help at home, and so we had a large band of teachers. In this way we never could be puzzled in the Commandments. We had to have them on our memory. This was diligent teaching to the children, and gave me knowledge that can never be effaced. I think that Sunday schools should be run for lasting results, and conducted in such a way, that their teachings will not be forgotten. Yours for good Sunday schools and with best wishes to all the friends.—Grandmama, Santa Barbara, California.

WIDOWER FROM ILLINOIS

Dear Friends:—Can this little old maid come in and have a talk with the married women? I want to get within speaking, or hearing distance of the widower from Illinois, because I want to tell him how good I think he must be. This is how I happen to be writing. I read his letter telling of his home and of his two little children, and of how he wants to keep them together. Now he did not exactly say that, but I read it between the lines, so I want to add my mite of help, if I can. I think he must be a good parent, or he would turn those children over to some one else to care for as is so often the sad case.

I imagine I see them in their home, surrounded with one another's love, and I "sorty" imagine, too, I see that cooking going on. I believe I should be amused if I should stand behind the door, and peep around, without their knowing I was there.

I do not think his motive a selfish one at all, in writing to the Corner, for was he not writing in behalf of those two little ones as much as for himself? No one need be thought selfish when working for the loved ones at home.

I have a receipt, which I think is simple enough for even a "thick-headed" man, to understand. This is it:

In a buttered baking pan, spread an inch thick layer of bread crumbs. On this, spread a layer of cooked, sweetened fruit, then another layer of crumbs, and last, a layer of fruit. Heat through in the oven. This is good cold or warm; with or without cream. Have juice in plenty, for the crumbs soak it up. If you have not enough fruit juice, use a teacupful of sweetened water.

I like "the page." It bears so much good cheer, and that is what we all want and cannot get too much of, so pour it on. I am your friend.—A Little Old Maid, Indiana.

A WHOLE MEAL

Something that will make a whole meal for a family, is potatoe pone. To make it, take one quart of sliced, raw potatoes, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a level teaspoonful of salt, the same of soda, and flour enough to make the mixture like pancake batter. Put in a flat pan an inch and a half deep. Lay slices of breakfast bacon over the top, and bake about an hour and a half, or until the potatoes are done. "It is fine," you'll say.—Aunt Sadie, Wisconsin.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Many good letters are being received, and many good things are being written by our correspondents. Probably you know this without being told, from what you have read in Cozy Corner. Keep the good work going. I'm with you.—Elizabeth.

So many letters containing directions for making yeast bread have come in answer to Minne B.'s request for said directions, that it is impossible to use them all. I have read them carefully and have absorbed much bread information thereby. The result appears on another part of the page. Thank you.

Some things you have to remember: Sign your real name to your letter: keep the good cheer work a-going in your letters and at home and abroad; keep up your subscription to The Blade —we are going to be better than ever— and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

CREAM-SPONGE CAKE.

Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick and lemon colored, using a Dover egg-beater. Add gradually while beating constantly, one cupful of sugar; then add three tablespoonfuls of cold water and one teaspoonful of lemon-extract. Put one and one half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in a cup and fill cup with pastry-flour. Mix and sift corn-starch and flour with one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Add to first mixture; then cut and fold in the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into two buttered and floured seven-inch-square tins and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes, or bake in buttered and floured gem-pans. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before putting into the oven, if a crust is desired.

This mixture is delicious baked in Washington-pie tins and put together with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

About Bread-Making

FOR four good-sized loaves, the ingredients are: Nearly one and a quarter quarts of lukewarm water, or half milk, with one compressed yeast cake, one heaping tablespoonful salt, one and a half heaping tablespoonfuls sugar and one heaping tablespoonful lard.

Take a large dish with cover and sift into it about two quarts of flour. Make a little well in the center of the flour. Put yeast cake in the well and pour upon it a little of the water. Let stand five to ten minutes, then add the other ingredients and the rest of the water, being very careful not to have the water too warm. Beat it about five minutes and let stand for an hour or two or till it is rather light. If it does not start to bubble, sometimes beating will start it. Beat again and when ready to knead, cut in flour with spoon and hands till it can be turned on to the molding board. Knead fifteen minutes, being careful not to get it too stiff. Put back in dish and let stand till twice its original bulk. Turn on to the board again and knead five minutes, then cut and mould into loaves. Single pans are best. Cover with a towel doubled, and let loaves rise till twice their size. Bake one hour if in large loaves, or from thirty-five to forty minutes if in small ones.

Home-Made Starter.

To make bread with a home-made starter, the rule previously given is followed except for the different kind of yeast. To make the starter, about one and a half or two days before baking bread, put in fruit jar, a large, boiled, mashed potato, with the water it has been boiled in and one-half yeast cake (dry), or a whole cake if desired, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful or more of sugar and a little flour. Have the jar about half full. Cover, not too tight, and set in a warm place to ferment. Fermentation takes a day or two, according to temperature. About two cups of this should make four loaves of bread, though more does no harm.

This same yeast can be made with the water drained off of the peeled, boiled potatoes. This kind of yeast makes the bread more moist than the compressed yeast. When starting the yeast, use a clean jar each time.

How To Bake.

For large loaves, the oven should be very hot the first fifteen minutes, that is, hot enough to brown them lightly in ten minutes. When you can hold your hand in the oven long enough to count twenty, rather fast, the temperature is right. The second fifteen minutes of the baking, not quite so hot as the first. The third fifteen minutes not so hot as the second, and the last fifteen just hot enough for a slow baking. With the gas range it is easy to regulate the heat. With a little study the coal or wood range may be easily regulated.

The gas should be lighted ten or fifteen minutes before the bread is ready to bake and may be turned out ten or fifteen minutes before the bread is taken out.

There is nothing sweeter or more wholesome than good, home made bread. May good luck attend your making and baking.

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OUR FAIRY TALE

BUNNY RABBIT had kept away from Patsy Squirrel's neighborhood ever since Patsy had got him into trouble with Dog Rover. But that wasn't because he disliked Patsy very much for the trouble as that he thought he ought to even things up next time he met him. He kept outgeling his brains for something to do, but for a long time he hadn't an idea. Finally there suddenly occurred to him that perhaps he could get his friend Joe Owl to do something for him and so he went to him and stated the case.

"That ought to be easy," said Joe.

"Yes, it ought to be easy, but it is easy only to say so. Patsy Squirrel is a pretty bright fellow and nothing I can think of will make us quits on that Dog Rover scare he led me into."

"Well," said Joe Owl, "day after tomorrow there'll be a full moon. Drop around to my house and we'll make a little excursion over toward Patsy's and see what we can do."

So on the night of the full moon Bunny Rabbit went over to Joe Owl's. The two set out for Patsy's. Bunny ran along through the grass and weeds and around the stumps and over the fallen logs and Joe sailed along in the air, so quietly and smoothly he hardly seemed to flap a wing. When they got to the tree that Patsy lived in Joe came down to earth and said:

"You don't suppose that if you gnawed at the tree trunk Patsy would hear it and get scared, do you?"

"I should say not," said Bunny. "He lives way up on the top floor and he wouldn't even hear me."

"Then I guess I'd better fly up and try something on him." Up Joe flew and when he got where he could see the door of Patsy's house he stuck his head in and yelled "Whoo-oo-oo!"

Patsy woke up with a start. "Who's there?" he said.

"Woo-oo-oo!!" said Joe.

"I don't seem to remember you," said Patsy, his voice trembling.

Joe opened his mouth as wide as it would go and screamed "Skid-oo-oo-oo!!!"

With that Patsy, scared out of his bed, jumped for the door and fled down the side of the tree. At the bottom was Bunny

WINCHESTER

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AYOR "HAD KISS TO SPARE"

Moline, Ill., Oct. 1.—George W. Mc- askrin, mayor of Rock Island, Ill., ed the leading role at the Moline atre at the performance of The Gay rning Glories, a burlesque troupe. en he rose on invitation and kissed e star, Miss Mabel Mallumn, twice, be- re an audience of 3,000.

Miss Mallumn, while singing Has Any- dy Got a Kiss to Spare? walked in direction of the box in which Mc- askrin was seated.

Sure, right here," sang out his honor he stood up and leaned out of the

he audience went wild and shouts of ou're alive!" and "Smack her again, ck!" were heard throughout the se.

fter the show McCaskrin invited the upe to Rock Island.

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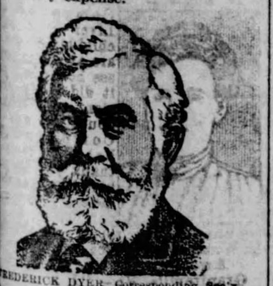

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NEWSPAPER MAN GIVES THE FIRST STORY OF PORTUGAL REVOLUTION

London, Oct. 7.—The Lisbon correspondent of the Chronicle sends by way of Vigo, Spain, the first uncensored story of the revolution.

He escaped from Lisbon on October 5 on board a British steamer with a band of fugitives. He landed at Vigo yesterday, where he filed his dispatch. he says:

"At the moment of telegraphing the revolutionary movement appears to be confined to Lisbon and its immediate neighborhood. The north, so far as I was able to ascertain, is indifferent in the sense that it has taken no active share in the rising.

"In Lisbon the mass of people was apathetic. They took little part in the fighting. The struggle was mainly between the loyal and disaffected sections of the army. It was in no sense a popular uprising. Most of the inhabitants who were not in the army or police hid themselves in their houses. Many took refuge in cellars and refused to come out until all possibility of danger was past. When the storm had swept over them without hurting them they emerged from their hiding places and armed themselves with whatever weapons they could find.

Emerge from Hiding Places.

"Then they proceeded to play the part which an unruly, ill disciplined mob usually assumes on similar occasions. They modestly dubbed themselves heroes and proclaimed themselves, when they were quite sure it was safe to do so, republicans and the liberators of their country.

"The movement took the government completely by surprise. A revolutionary outbreak was expected sooner or later, but certainly not on Monday night. The country has been on the verge of a crisis in its affairs for some time. When I arrived at Lisbon three weeks ago there was a feeling in the air that the popular discontent, which had shown itself in so many directions, might at any moment break out in active rebellion against the throne.

"Yet, in spite of this, the final plunge was really made with incredible swiftness. Plottings and counterplottings seem natural to the atmosphere of this country.

The Spark.

"The spark that ignited the magazine was the murder of Prof. Bombarda. The assassin was a lieutenant of the general staff named Santos, who is an ardent royalist. He had been an inmate of an asylum, from which he was discharged recently, contrary to the advice and wishes of Bombarda.

"Santos left Lisbon when he was released and went to Paris. He returned on Monday and immediately sought Prof. Bombarda at the asylum. A heated altercation between the two men culminated in Santos, with a revolver, fatally wounding the professor.

Seen as Political Murder.

"By people of cool intellect and calm judgment the murder has been regarded as the act of a demented man, but to the extreme revolutionist it seemed a political crime. They used it to incite people of Lisbon against the monarch. The Republican newspaper Seculo on Monday evening issued an inflammatory placard, which was widely circulated, stigmatizing the murder as a political assassination, and calling on the people to rise and put an end to the monarchical regime which permitted such foul deeds.

"Groups of excited workmen gathered around the placards and began to shout 'Down with monarchy.' The cry was rapidly taken up and repeated. Two priests read the placard and expressed views uncomplimentary to the republicans and Prof. Bombarda. This angered the crowd.

Mob Stones Priests.

"The priests were hustled, and when they tried to escape were stoned. They were pursued by the mob to the office of another paper, where they took refuge. This was the beginning of a riot. When the police tried to restore order they were attacked by the republicans armed with revolvers. Many shots were fired and some of the police wounded.

"The rioters eventually dispersed in this part of the city, but afterwards went in a body to the barracks in Reta Castelho. Here was quartered a battery of artillery, known to be ardent partisans of the Republican party. In response to the clamorous demands of the populace the disaffected artillerymen mutinied. They made the only two officers in the barracks prisoners and signalized their act of rebellion by trampling on the royalist flag. Afterwards it was torn to pieces by the mob.

"They marched out of the barracks, carrying as their standard a republican flag and taking with them four field guns. Before leaving their quarters the mutineers broke into the armory and took all the rifles and ammunition there. These were distributed among civilian sympathizers, some of whom then were placed as guard over the barracks.

"The rebel artillery forces took a commanding position on the heights of the park of Praca Marques Pombal and proceeded to intrench. They were supported by a considerable number of revolutionists, who by this time had gathered in the Avenida da Liberdade, where a fair was in full swing, the avenue being lined with showmen's booths and refreshment stalls.

Booths Made Into Barricades.

"The soldiers took possession of these booths and converted them into barricades. The showmen assisted them, perhaps for fear of what would happen to them if they objected. Word of the rising was communicated by telegraph and telephone to other disaffected quarters in the city, and immediately afterward, in accordance with a prearranged plan, telegraphic and railway communication between the capital and the outer world was cut.

"The British cable was cut where it comes ashore at Cascaes. The Sixteenth infantry, in barracks in the northeastern part of the city, hearing of the revolt of the artillery, immediately followed the example. The colonel and two other officers who sought to rally the men to their allegiance were shot down. Led by the sergeants, the troops poured into the streets, where they were joined by a number of civilian sympathizers.

"Meanwhile the government, recovering somewhat from the stupefaction which the rising had caused, sought to take measures to suppress the revolt. The city was placed under martial law. Municipal guards, the Fifth regiment of Cassadores, and an infantry brigade which had proved loyal were called out. They took position on terraced slopes overlooking the avenue where the insurgents had established themselves.

Police Chief Stays in Bed.

"Before this could be accomplished, however, the Sixteenth regiment made a junction with the artillerymen. The police were called out, but lacked a directing head, for as soon as the chief of police heard to what proportion the rising had grown he telegraphed the minister of war he was suffering from a sudden attack of fever and compelled to remain in bed.

"As showing how unprepared the authorities were for an outbreak, it may be mentioned that several members of the government were attending a dinner party in a distant part of the city, while the military commander of Lisbon and many officers of the garrison were at Cascaes, which is a fashionable seaside resort 40 minutes by rail from the capital.

"King Manuel himself was entertaining President-elect Fonseca of Brazil. The young king and his entourage were utterly ignorant of the storm about to break over their heads. Premature as the uprising was, once the die was cast the republican plans revealed a creditable amount of organization. In the royalist ranks all was chaos. There was no head, no responsible chief. Nobody seemed capable or willing to assume command. It was not until 6 o'clock Tuesday morning that the colonel general of the staff arrived in Lisbon to take charge of the operations against the insurgents.

Ready to Attack Palace.

"At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning a body of rebel troops, flushed with their initial success, worked their way down the Calcada das Necessidades, the thoroughfare to the palace. They were accompanied by a mob of armed civilians. Their purpose was to attack the palace. The loyal infantry opened with machine guns upon the revolutionists, and a large number were mowed down. The remainder broke and fled in disorder. Many of the mutineers were captured.

"At sunrise came a new source of uneasiness to the monarchists. Sailors in the marine barracks at Alcantra on the bank of the river hoisted the Republican flag and sent out detachments to 'snipe' the troops guarding approaches to the palace.

"The surrounding country is hilly and afforded excellent cover for riflement. Consequently there were many casualties in the royalist ranks. Simultaneously with revolt at the marine barracks, three warships off the arsenal hoisted the Republican flag.

"The crews manned the sides and cheered while the guns were fired in salute. The people ashore flocked to the waterside and waved revolutionary flags and returned the cheers of the insurgent sailors.

Fight on Gunboat.

"The ships which threw in their lot with the republic were the Rafael Adamaster and Dom Fernando. A desperate struggle took place on the Dom Fernando, between the Royalists and the Republicans. The former temporarily triumphed and after a hand to hand fight lasting more than an hour the rebel ensign was hauled down. The flagship Dom Pedro and the gunboat Pedro Alemquer continued to fly the royal standard. The remainder of the fleet consisted of wooden training ships and dilapidated gunboats which also flew the king's flag.

"The streets were deserted in Lisbon. Except for the rival armed camps it was a city of the dead. I walked to the river front. The two Republican cruisers which had been moored 300 yards from the shore had weighed their anchors and were steaming across the bay. There was a great deal of foreign shipping in the harbor. Lying near the Dom Pedro was the battleship Sao Paulo. Its green and gold Brazilian flag shone brightly in the morning sun. The crew lined the deck, eager spectators of the stirring events going on.

"As two rebel cruisers drew clear of encumbering shipping and presented their hulls to the broadside of the Dom Pedro there was intense excitement. Would the royalist ship fire on the rebels? The republican cruisers passed the flagship under easy steam at a range of about 800 yards. They made an admirable target, but the guns of the Dom Pedro were silent.

"This mark of silent sympathy was not lost on the crews of the rebel vessels, who lined the sides and cheered their comrades vociferously.

"Then the rebel ships, flying the republican flag fore and aft, passed down the bay to begin their work of destruction. Bringing up off the Alcantara barracks, they opened fire on the palace at a range of about 1,000 yards. The soldiers surrounding the palace could not or would not bring guns to bear in order to bombard the warships.

"The second shot from the ships carried away the flagstaff on the palace with the royal ensign.

"The incident was greeted with immense cheering from the cruisers. Other shots struck the upper wing of the tower, but a number went wide, hitting houses on both sides of the palace and bringing them tumbling to the ground.

Residents Have Time to Flee.

"Fortunately this move of the republican ships had been foreseen and the residents of the fashionable quarter west of the palace had time to flee, otherwise the loss of life would have been considerable. The republican gunnery was characterized by great accuracy. A number of shells fell into the park of the Necessidades, setting fire to trees.

"The king was surrounded by his advisers, who, if report speaks truly, were in a state bordering on panic, and had remained in the palace until the beginning of the bombardment. Many of his craven entourage fled, but a loyal and stanch few remained at the side of the young monarch. Throughout the crisis Manuel bore himself with a bravery that showed he was absolutely fearless. He was for remaining in the palace at all costs. He strongly objected to leaving even when shells began to burst on the tower, arguing that his flight would be given the worst possible interpretation.

King Smokes Cigarette.

"Ultimately the king yielded to the imperative pleading and urgent counsel of his friends. He left the palace in an automobile with a cheery smile on his lips. He was smoking a cigarette. As he entered the car he said:

"'We will go wherever you please, even in the thickest of the fighting, but I would prefer not to leave Lisbon.'

"There was, however, no help for it. The king's life clearly was in danger and flight absolutely necessary. Manuel, despite his youth, showed himself the plucklest man in Portugal. He bitterly resented the necessity of a flight which had nothing of the heroic. What made the situation still more humiliating was the fact that the Republicans early on Tuesday presented the king a bombastic ultimatum couched in florid phraseology and demanding that he abdicate before 4 o'clock on Tuesday.

"The king sometimes has been charged with being weak and irresolute, but never since the beginning of his stormy occupancy of the throne has Manuel shown to greater advantage or more amply justified the hopes of his friends than in the dark hours of Tuesday which preceded the fall of his dynasty.

"When the king left he found a hospitable welcome in a quarter I prefer not to indicate. Later he left Lisbon for another asylum. The rumor spread that he had taken refuge on the Sao Paulo. The Republicans sought him there, but the commander refused to allow them on board. The Republicans were ill advised enough to demand that the Brazilian commander land marines, ostensibly to help maintain order. He declined to fall into the trap.

The correspondent then describes the bombardment of the arsenal and other government buildings by the rebel warships at a distance of 400 yards.

Clerks Shot at Work.

Several shots took effect on the ministers of war and marine, tearing great ho s in the walls and killing a number of employes who had remained at their desks, unable to escape.

"The warships were guilty of a second piece of barbarity," says the correspondent. "One brought its broadside battery in line with tht Place de Commerce, at the corner of which King Carlos was assassinated, and where the bourse and government offices are situated. A detachment of municipal guards were posted in the arcades of the government offices to protect the building against insurgent attack.

"In the square itself there was a large number of spectators who had ventured forth to see what happened.

"The first shell from the San Raphael fell among them, killing or wounding a number. The second shell fell among the municipal guards and killed four of them. Then, apparently with the object of attacking the royalist troops in the rear, the ship sent a number of shells up the busy street. The missiles damaged a shop front, tore down street signs, and injured a number of persons who were watching the conflict from windows.

"Bursting shrapnel also claimed victims in the street itself, killing and maiming a number. By a circuitous route the royalists brought two field pieces into the square and opened fire on the San Raphael at 400 yards. The first shot struck the deck near a forward gun. The gunners clustered there went down in a heap.

"The second shot struck the cruiser's stern, whereupon, swinging around, it scuttled off at full speed, dodging hither and thither among the neutral ships like a hunted animal. One result of the shelling of the arsenal was that the defenders, chiefly marines without artillery, hauled down the ensign and hoisted the Republican colors. The stores and munitions were captured.

On land and sea the revolutionists had been victorious.

RUSSIAN AVIATOR KILLED

St. Petersburg, Oct. 8.—Captain Macievich, the Russian aviator, was killed yesterday by a fall from a biplane at a height of 3,930 feet. He held the Russian altitude record of 3,937 feet, which he made in a Blerlot monoplane, October 3, and was trying to exceed this.

Last Wednesday M. Stolypin, the premier, made a ten-minute flight with Macievich.

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KING MANUEL DEPOSED

Portugal Republicans Establish a Republic in Lisbon.

Portugal's unrest, aggravated by internal labor troubles, culminated early last week in a civil war which swept young King Manuel off his throne and forced him to seek safety at Gibraltar. The army turned against the king and assisted the republicans in the work of setting up a republic. The story of the strife is told elsewhere in The Blade's columns.

EVENTS THAT LED UP TO PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION.

Feb. 1, 1908—King Carlos and Crown Prince Luis assassinated.
Feb. 1, 1908—Prince Manuel ascends throne as Manuel II.
Feb. 5, 1908—Premier Franco, reactionary leader, forced to flee country when new party comes into power.
Feb. 15, 1908—New government assumes control with clericals in power; liberals are ignored by government and liberal propaganda is resumed everywhere.
Sept. 23, 1910—New parliament opens and king promises reforms, but clericals succeed in having them delayed; popular fury manifests itself.
Oct. 3, 1910—Professor Bombardo, liberal deputy, is assassinated, it is charged, as result of clerical plot.
Oct. 4, 1910—Revolt bursts forth; army and navy go over to revolutionists; royal palace shelled; king virtually a prisoner.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The Portuguese provisional government is composed as follows:

PRESIDENT—Theophile Braga.
MINISTER OF JUSTICE—Alfonso Costa.
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—Bernadino Machado.
MINISTER OF FINANCE—Bazillo Telles.
MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS—Antonio Luiz Gomez.
MINISTER OF WAR—Col. Baretto.
MINISTER OF MARINE—Amaro Axovado Gomez.
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR—Antonio Almeida.
CIVIL GOVERNOR OF LISBON—Eusebio Leao.

Notified by New President.

Madrid, Oct. 6.—Theophile Braga, the provisional president, has sent notes to all the powers of Europe announcing the proclamation of a republic and guaranteeing public security.

During the night and early today there was still fighting in the streets. The report that the fighting continued until early today is from a news source and may have escaped the censor.

This dispatch said that a moderate estimate of the losses on both sides was 200 dead and 450 wounded. The city was but slightly damaged by the bombardment.

Bands Parade Streets.

The republic was acclaimed amid frantic enthusiasm. Bands paraded the streets, followed by columns of armed person, who sang songs of liberty. The discipline of the revolutionists was excellent. King Manuel, it is said, left the city, probably aboard the yacht Queen Amelie, sailing for England.

The prefect of Badajoz province has communicated the republican proclamation to the Spanish officials, and another report from the frontier is that the superintendent of the railroad between Lisbon and Badajoz has notified all the station agents on the line of the change of government in Portugal.

PICK THE FASHIONABLE GIRL

Something Wrong With Others, Says Millionaire Minister.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 10.—The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, Boston's millionaire minister and head of the Warsaw Avenue Baptist church, said yesterday that the young bachelor seeking a wife should pick the fashionable girl.

"The young man who is seriously thinking of getting married cannot afford to take for his wife other than the fashionable girl," said Dr. Johnson.

"The hobble skirt, so much worn, is a product for good," he added. "Girls who take a well developed interest in the fashions are the best girls of a community. There is something radically wrong with the young woman who does not think about dress. I mean that such a girl is not normal, either mentally or morally, and I warn all young men to look out for her."

AN ITCHING ERUPTION

"My baby boy was about nine months old when he had a breaking out on his neck which was very annoying. It used to make him very fretful and cross because it seemed to worry him so much. I had my doctor look at the baby and he told me it was eczema and he wanted to treat it. But a friend of mine told me she knew it could be cured cheaper and in much less time. So I started using the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, which I soon found out was what I ought to have had before, for the eczema seemed to itch so the baby could not keep his head still and he was rubbing and twisting all the time. I used the Cuticura Remedies three times the first day and began to notice the good it was doing, for he began to get rest from rubbing his neck.

"So I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and now no one could tell that he ever had any kind of breaking out, and since then I have never been without Cuticura Soap nor Cuticura Ointment. Mrs. Lulu Dorsey, 12 Browns Ct., S. W., Washington, D. C., Oct. 2, 1909."

SPAIN HUSHES TUMULT

Puts Down Demonstration for Portugal.

Barcelona, Sept. 8.—An attempted demonstration of sympathy with the Portuguese republic which took place before the Portuguese consulate here yesterday was interrupted by mounted police, who charged the crowd. A regiment of dragoons which was about to leave for the maneuvers was sent back to the barracks and most elaborate military precautions have been taken to preserve order.

Every flag or decaration in windows which might be considered an emblem of celebration over the victory of the Portuguese provisional government was ordered down by the police.

The newspaper La Publicidad, which acclaimed the Portuguese republic, has been seized by the authorities.

The Republicans are protesting against the repressive measures of the government and the severity of the censorship.

The coal miners at Teruel have declared a general strike.

DOWIE DEAD, EXERTS POWER

Sister of Present Zion Leader Says Spirit Made Her Give.

York, Me., Oct. 11.—"I am the sister of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, head of the Zionists, but I have not seen my brother for twelve years. I believe that at three distinct times in my life I have been under the control of the late John Alexander Dowie, whom I never met.

"On each of these occasions, twice when he was in the spirit yorld, I have been induced to write checks and forward them to Zion City, signing away the sum total of $60,000, or two-thirds of my entire fortune."

So asserts a mild mannered woman of 45 years, living temporarily in this town since her return from Europe;. She says she is Miss Margaret R. Voliva.

Miss Voliva still has $40,000 of her fortune, but declares that she is going to Zion City to see her brother and get the remainder back. Her first check, for $30,000, was made out in 1905, in a Chicago hotel, when a strange feeling or trance overcame her, she says, during the night, in which she believed her brother was in peril.

A year later there came other "calls," each time demanding $15,000, the checks this time being made payable to Dowie or bearer. Dowie was dead at the time of the last two manifestations.

DOUBTS JONAH—TO BE PASTOR

New York, Oct. 5.—The New York presbytery at a meeting in the chapel of the First church yesterday voted to ordain John Ewing Steen to the Presbyterian ministry. Mr. Steen is the last of three recent graduates of Union Theological Seminary, whose orthodoxy was attacked, to be made a minister. They had refused to declare their belief in certain miracles, such as Jonah and the whale.

PILES

Untold Suffering Needless — Simple Remedy So Certain That the Makers Send Complete

$1 Package to TRY FREE

Patience, if you have Piles, is not virtue, but neglect. Don't suffer in silence—try to get cured—for Piles lead to life-long misery and to the dread fistula and cancer. Don't delay longer but write today and get Dr. Van Vleck's 4-Fold Absorption Remedy for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Constipation and other Rectal Troubles. TO TRY FREE. Use this simple, harmless remedy as directed, and then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, tell us so, and we make no charge. You decide. Dr. Van Vleck's Absorption Cure is 4-fold—a Plasma to relieve immediate distress; Nutritive Cones to restore the mucous Tissues and Pellets to remove systemic causes and make the cure permanent.

"There's Relief in Every Package."

Its cures in all stages of this cruel disease, including cases of 20 and 40 years' standing, are marvelous. You can see that we couldn't send the treatment on approval unless it nearly always cured. May we send a treatment to you? Address Dr. Van Vlack Co., W B 42, Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Valuable booklet on Causes of Piles comes with Trial Treatment, prepaid, in plain wrapper. Write today.

TAFT HEARS ABOUT HOME RULE

Irish Leaders Visit President and Talk of Plans.

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 10.—A party of "home rule" Irishmen, Messrs. John Redmond, John Boyle and Joseph Devlin, all members of parliament, were received as British subjects by President Taft Sunday.

Mr. Redmond, leader of his party in parliament, was accompanied by Mrs. Redmond. T. P. O'Connor was to have been a member of the delegation, but could not be present. The plans and progress of the home rule movement were told to the President, but the call was almost wholly of a social character. Mrs. Taft and Miss Taft assisted in entertaining the guests.

OLDEST WAR VETERAN DEAD

New York, Oct. 6.—William MacAbee, believed to be the oldest war veteran of the civil war and believed to be one of the oldest persons in the country, died last night at the United States Naval Home, where he had been an inmate for 30 years. He celebrated his 107th anniversary on September 22.

MacAbee entered the service of the United States when a young lad and served on the frigate Constitution until it was retired from service. He remained in the naval service until he came to the home.

STOP

LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.

Stop that back-breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness — the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain — stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment---

a **REAL Free Proof Treatment,** that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week—not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure — this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today. **See the Certificte Below**—Sign it and send it today. **No money — no obligation.** At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have **Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism** (the cause of these pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it's "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact, Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity.

WATCH These Symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase itno a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of uric acid disease:

THE SYMPTOMS

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Prostatic trouble.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Constipation or liver trouble.
9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
10—Swelling in any part of the body.
11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or soreness in the joints.
16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

NOW THEN This Certificate Is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Instant relief for those terrorizing pains.

Send no money—read the certificate—note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get free treatment.

JUST Your Name

And ADDRESS and the SYMPTOMS

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligation whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY---Just Write for the Free Treatment

REMEMBER—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free proof treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3991 Occidental Bldg., CHICAGO

☞ If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

FREE CERTIFICATE

What is Your Name?.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?.....

What Symptoms Have You?.....
Give number from table above—that is all.

What is Your Age?.....Married?.....

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE PROOF treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT,
3991 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a prefectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

The editor of Weekly Blade saw the above clipping from the Inter-Ocean and wanted to know of this new formula for curing kidney trouble.

Arrangements were then made by which Dr. Lynott offers the Weekly Blade readers a **free treatment.** Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free trial treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positively wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore, Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

The editor of this paper, Weekly Blade, feels that with such a free offer anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

I know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, **but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER.** And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free Treatment Certificate at bottom of this page and get relief **right now.**

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

All readers of Weekly Blade who have sick friends, suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble, will be interested.

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

50c Package of Remarkable Flesh Builder, Protone, Sent Free To Prove What It Will Do.

It is astonishing to see the effects produced by the new flesh-increaser Protone. To put on real, solid, healthy flesh, at the rate of a pound a day, is not at all remarkable with this new wonder.

Protone Will Make You Nice and Plump

Protone induces nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, strengthens nerves, increases blood corpuscles, builds up, safely and quickly, muscles and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who never appear stylish in anything because of thinness, Protone may prove a revelation.

It costs you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of Protone. It is non-injurious to the most delicate system. The Protone Company, 3019 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich., will send you on receipt of your name and address, a free 50c package of Protone, with full instructions, to prove that it does the work; also their book on "Why Are You Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you. Send coupon below today with your name and address.

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

This coupon is good for a free 50c package, (all charges prepaid), of Protone, the remarkable scientific discovery for building up thin people, together with our free book telling why you are thin, if sent with ten cents in silver or stamps to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, to The Protone Co., 3019 Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....State .....

FLAYS HOBBLE SKIRT IN COURT

Judge Calls It One Leg of a Man's Trousers.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 8.—Judge Francis Scott, in the Juvenile Court of Paterson, has put himself on record as opposed to the hobble skirt. He called it yesterday a pair of men's trousers with one leg. In speaking of public opinion in the moulding of fashion, he said:

"Public opinion might prescribe a hobble skirt for men, and then we shall have to wear them. I suppose, however, that the hobble skirt would look better on men than on women."

This judicial dissertation was brought about through the trial of John Doherty, charged with smashing Israel Peel's hat. Doherty, moved by unofficial custom, smashed the straw headgear because it was out of season. He was fined $5.

RUSH RIVALS INTO THE RIVER

One Aspirant for Girl's Affections Is Drowned.

Laurel, Del., Oct. 10.—Asserting that the boys from here monopolize too much time of the girls on the other side of the Nanticoke river, leaving home talent "out in the cold," boys on the opposite shore repulsed an invasion of a party of lads from Laurel last night. When they crossed to attend an apple-cutting party.

A fight followed, in the course of which Oscar Jones, 18 years old, was forced to jump into the river and was drowned.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-THINKING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3838 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

SUGAR BEST GRAN. per lb. 3½c
FLOUR BEST PATENT ¼ bbl. 88c

We SAVE you one THIRD on all GROCERIES If you are tired being OVERCHARGED and mean business, Send no money but write for FREE CATALOGUE 485.

Consumers Wholesale Grocery Co.
165-169 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO

BLOOD POISON
CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 21,000 patients of that company in the fifteen years ending May 15th, 1909, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Free Treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer *free treatments* to procure patients. Booklet on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.
Suite 413 67 Clark Street, Chicago Ill.

WHEAT CROP SHORT

Estimate of Government Shows Big Falling Off From Last Year.

Washington, Oct. 10.—The production of spring wheat, as estimated by the crop reporting board for 1910 was 233,475,000 bushels, compared with 290,828,000 bushels in 1909, the yield per acre being 11.8 bushels, compared with 15.8 in 1909 and 13.7, the ten year average; the quality was 94.1 per cent compared with 86.2, the 10 year average.

The production of all wheat for 1910 was 691,769,000 bushels compared with 737,189,000 bushels in 1909, the yield per acre being 14.2 bushels compared with 15.8 in 1909 and 14.1, the 10-year average; the quality was 93.1 per cent.

The corn crop was 80.5 per cent. of a normal on October 1, or at time of harvest as compared with 73.8 a year ago and 78.4, the 10 year average, according to the crop reporting board of the department of agriculture whose October crop report was issued at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Oats Crop Better.

The production of oats for 1910 was 1,096,396,000 bushels, compared with 1,007,353,000 bushels in 1909, the yield per acre being 31.9 bushels, compared with 30.3 in 1909 and 29.5 the 10 year average; the quality was 93.8 per cent compared with 86.1, the 10 year average.

The total production and quality of oats for 1910 by important states follow:

States.	Bushels.	Quality.
Illinois	170,660,000	97
Iowa	162,540,000	99
Minnesota	78,525,000	85
Nebraska	72,716,000	96
Wisconsin	68,029,000	97
Indiana	66,000,000	96
Ohio	65,658,000	96
North Dakota	12,210,000	70
South Dakota	34,680,000	86
Michigan	51,020,000	94
New York	46,161,000	96
Pennsylvania	35,130,000	94

Spring Wheat Yield.

The total production and quality of spring wheat for 1910 by important states follow:

States.	Bushels.	Quality.
North Dakota	39,716,000	95
Minnesota	94,080,000	95
South Dakota	46,656,000	94
Washington	12,006,000	89

The production of barley for 1910 was 158,138,000 bushels compared with 170,284,000 bushels in 1909, the yield per acre being 22.4 bushels compared with 24.3 in 1909 and 25.7 the 10-year average; the quality was 88.1 per cent compared with 86.9 the 10-year average.

Other Crop Conditions.

The condition on October 1, or at time of harvest, showing the per cent of a normal crop was reported for other crops as follows:

Crops.	1910.	10-Yr-Avg.
Buckwheat	81.7	88.8
Potatoes	71.8	78.6
Tobacco	80.2	82.0
Flaxseed	47.2	88.4*
Rice	88.1	86.1
Apples	46.4	53.8

*7-year average.

Deaf People Say: "I Have Tried So Many Things!"

When the wonderful little "Inner Ear Device" was first offered to the deaf, nine out of every ten threw up their hands and said, "I have tried so many things!"

But thousands did try it and were rewarded by having their hearing restored instantly.

Now, out of the gratitude of their hearts, four hundred people, delighted by the restoration of hearing and anxious for others to escape from deafness, have told, in a book how this marvelous device makes deaf people even hear whispers.

400 Tell, in "Experience Book," How the "Inner Ear Device"

Restores Hearing!

Most cases of deafness are due to thickening, weakness or rupture of the natural drum.

The drum fails to vibrate in response to the waves of sound.

This shuts off external sounds from the Auditory Nerve, just as switching off the electric current makes a telegraph instrument stop clicking.

The Inner Ear Device rests lightly in the ear hole, entirely out of sight, and forces the sound to focus to a central point on the natural drum.

A moment before, you were deaf—**NOW you hear every sound DISTINCTLY!** The tiny device, with its marvelous power to magnify and concentrate sound, wakes the deadened drum to action. Conversation, music, laughter, even the faintest sounds, are heard as perfectly as ever. Over 326,000 men and women have had hearing restored by this device. Can you doubt these living witnesses?

You owe it to yourself—you who are deaf or "hard of hearing"—you who have buzzing, ringing noises in the head; earache; broken, thickened or weakened ear drums—you who have "tried so many things"—to read the letters of **400 living witnesses in their own "EXPERIENCE BOOK."**

The book tells all about the Inner Ear Device and gives the thrilling story of the deaf man who tried almost everything, but never gave up hope and finally invented the Device known as the Wilson Ear Drum, that has delivered **over half a million people** from the curse of deafness.

The book will be forwarded free, postage fully prepaid, if you merely write a postal to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 27 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky. Send for it today by all means—you can't get your hearing back too soon. (3)

DENIES HE WAS GO-BETWEEN

Cigar Salesman Nathan Testifies in Cincinnati Graft Case.

Cincinnati, Oct. 10.—Louis Nathan, the cigar salesman who was named by James Mulligan, a saloonist, as the "go-between" in the latter's alleged graft dealings with former Inspector James Casey, of the Cincinnati police department denied today that he had acted in that capacity.

Testifying at a resumption of the police investigation, Nathan said that the only thing he took to Casey from Mulligan was a bottle of whisky and an envelope one Christmas. He added that he thought the envelope contained a note expressing holiday greetings.

Casey was dismissed from the police department on charges of threatening Mulligan after the latter had testified against him.

STIFF SHIRT BAND IS FATAL

Sleeping Man Is Choped Unconscious, Then Windpipe Shut Off.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 11.—A stiffly-starched shirt bosom and neckband choked Frank Johnson to death yesterday as surely as a hangman's rope could have done it.

Johnson drove to the house of a friend, Frank Brinkman, on Laurel street. Brinkman was out. Rain was falling and Johnson drove under the stable shed. Returning, Brinkman found Johnson apparently unconscious. A doctor pronounced him dead.

Medical Examiner Fuller said it was perfectly plain that Johnson had been strangled by his starched, unyielding neckband and the top of his shirt bosom. Waiting in his wagon, he had fallen asleep and his head had bobbed forward until his chin rested on his breast. Slowly the iron-like neckband acted like a garrote. It impeded the circulation in the great blood vessels of Johnson's neck until he was unconscious. These shut off the passage of air in his windpipe and choked him to death.

FREE FUEL

Most Wonderful Stove Ever Invented.

BURNS AIR

Fuel Drawn Principally From Atmosphere.

HEATING OR COOKING.

Air now burned in this wonderful stove is free to rich and poor alike. No trust in control.

This Valveless Wickless Automatic Oil-Gas and Air-Burner Stove

automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air.

Scientific test proves its uses **895 barrels of air to one gallon** common kerosene oil.

Sectional Cut of Generator.

GREATEST FUEL—INTENSE HEAT. **Heat concentrated** under cooking vessels and absorbed by articles being cooked or concentrated under Radiator and distributed throughout room.

NOT LIKE THOSE SOLD IN STORES. Ideal for roasting, cooking, baking, ironing, canning fruit, etc. **In Winter** use Radiator for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc.—always ready. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. **To operate**—turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match; it generates gas, which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed. **That's all.** It is self-regulating, no more attention.

Same heat all day or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner—oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. Not dangerous like gasoline. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks, nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control. **D. CAEN, IND.**, writes: "It costs only **4 1-2 cents a day for fuel.**" **L. NORRIS, VT.**, writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least **50 to 75 per cent** over wood and coal." **E. ARMEL, NEB.**, writes: "I am saving **$4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range costs me $5 50 per month, the Harrison **$1.25 per month.**" **Roaring, Ind.**, writes: "We warmed a room when it was 10 below zero with one Radiator." **Rev. WM. TEARN, NEB.**, writes: "This morning 16 below zero—soon after lighting Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat."

Heater and Cooker or Heating Exclusively

ALL SIZES, PRICES LOW $3.25 AND UP. Sent to any address.

Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—lasts for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills.

Give this stove a trial. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for full description, thousands of testimonials. Our 1910 Proposition. Circulars FREE.

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN—MANAGERS—Men or Women at home or traveling, all or part time—showing, taking orders—appointing agents, etc. **MESSRS. HEAD & GRAZER, TEXAS,** writes: "Enclose order for $81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold **50 stoves in our town.**" **MESSRS. MICHEL,** writes: "**Have cut one day and sold 11 stoves.**" This patent new. **Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop, look, get interested, want to buy at once. Show dozen, sell ten. Write today for special agents' new plan. Send no money.** World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. **THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 550 World Building, CINCINNATI, O.**

OUTDOOR SCHOOL IS OPENED

Consumptive Children Will Recite in Open Air During Winter.

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 11.—Twenty-one Montclair children threatened with tuberculosis began to study and recite their lessons in an open air public school Monday morning, and it is proposed they shall study all winter under a large tent.

The children wear woolen sweaters and woolen caps, and on extremely cold days blocks of heated soapstone will be put in the bottoms of the sitting bags. An outer reefer and gloves complete the uniform.

Hot milk and crackers will be served during the morning and a hot luncheon will be served at noon. The pupils will be weighed once a week and special treatment will be prescribed for those who lose weight.

GIRL'S NUDE STATUE IN YARD

Sister's Marble Study of Miss Barney Can't Get in House.

Washington, Oct. 10.—A nude statue of Miss Natalie Barney is the wonder and admiration of the vicinity of Mrs. Alberl Clifford Barney's magnificent residence on Massachusetts avenue. This statue, which is pure Carrara marble, is the work of Miss Alice Barney, sister of the subject of the statue, and both the young ladies are daughters of Mrs. Barney, who has a studio at Paris.

The work appears to be modeled after the deserted "Ariadne," and is highly appreciated by art critics. It was the intention of Mrs. Barney to place the work of art, within the residence.

When shipped here, however the statue was so large that it could not be taken through the door of the Barney mansion. It was thus forced, for the present, at least, to pass its life in the open air and the passersby, who are there in thousands, have an opportunity of a view of the splendid work.

Miss Alice Barney, the sculptor, also has a studio in Pars. Her sister, Natalie Barney, the subject of the work, is a remarkably beautiful woman.

TOLSTOI AGAIN SHUNS HONOR

Count Tells Nobel Committee to Give Prize to Others.

Chicago, Oct. 10.—Newspapers from Norway announce that Count Leo Tolstoi has, for the second time, declined the Nobel peace prize offered him by the Nobel prize committee of the Norwegian storthing.

In response to the communication from the committee inviting him to accept the Nobel peace prize, Count Tolstoi urged the committee to award the prize to men who have at the risk of their own life and liberty actually proven their faith and belief in practical universal peace, and not to mere agitators who are safe from political persecution.

He refers the committee to a Russian religious organization whose members have from religious motives steadfastly refused to do military service in the Russian army. They have received severe punishment, a large number having been sent to Siberia.

PARROT SCARES HER IN BATH

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 10.—Pat is a parrot owned by Mr. and Mrs. William Harrington. Yesterday afternoon, noticing that the door of his cage was unfastened, Pat made for the window and perched on the sill of an adjoining bathroom window.

Inside there was much splashing and feminine laughter. Nora, the maid, was giving her young mistress a bath. Not finding the soap in its place, she called to her husband, whose name happened to be Pat:

"Fetch the soap, Pat, and be quick about it."

The parrot, hearing his name, shrieked:

"Who wants Pat?"

"Hearing the sound from the outside, both women screamed and swooned, thinking someone was endeavoring to enter by the fire escape. The man Pat, hearing the commotion, dashed to the bathroom and made matters worse, especially for the young woman, by breaking into the room.

OPEN GREAT POWER SYSTEM

Berlin, Ont., Oct. 11.—After years of the hardest kind of work, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, the project of supplying Canadian cities with electrical energy generated at Niagara Falls became an accomplished fact today. With ceremonies befitting the importance of the occasion the first hydro-electric power to be delivered in Ontario by the Hydro-Electric Power commission was officially turned on this afternoon. The ceremony took place in the Auditorium, which was handsomely decorated with designs illuminated by the people's power. Sir James Whitney presided and the Hon. Adam Beck and other public men of prominence delivered addresses.

FIND 139 DEAD IN FIRE

Rangers Discover Evidence of Flames' Awful Work in Northwest—Armed Guard on Streets.

Rainy River, Ont., Oct. 11.—Relief is arriving for the stricken people of Beaudette, Spooner and the Rainy river district. First to come to the assistance of the people was Fort Frances, Ont., with $200 fash. Six carloads of supplies have arrived. Two are from Virginia, Minn., in charge of Alderman Boylan and A. H. Heritage, two from Duluth in charge of Mayor M. B. Culom, and Col. F. C. Reisch. Bemidji, Minn., is also on the ground with two carloads.

Rainy River, Ont., Oct. 11.—At various points in the forest fire zone between Warroad, Minn., and Rainy River, reports to fire rangers indicate 139 bodies located. Of these, 90 have been recovered, but only 60 identified.

While fires can be seen to the east and southeast their progress is not dangerous to human life.

Fire rangers here complain that the heat of the surface and gases arising therefrom prevent their proceeding far into the masses of charred tree limbs and burned underbrush. The air in the devastated district is still smoky and no further attempt will be made to locate bodies until further enforcements and relief are secured.

Five nurses, a doctor, 50 cots and provisions have reached here from Winnipeg.

Last night the streets of Rainy River were patrolled by 60 armed guards under Fire Warden Hurst, and national guardsmen from Bemidji, Minn., guarded Old Beaudette.

The funerals of 19 fire victims were held here yesterday.

Winnipeg in Danger.

Winnipeg, Oct. 11.—With 500 dead, 10,000 homeless and a property loss of $100,000,000, the latest reports from the forest fires in the Rainy River region of Minnesota increase the horror of the situation. The fire is sweeping in a six-mile-wide circle towards this city and last evening great columns of smoke eight miles away caused a panic. The intense heat is felt here and many are preparing to leave Winnipeg, thinking this city doomed.

But the greater concern for the present is the rescue of the helpless and the relief of thousands of homeless men, women and children.

Stories of wild animals fleeing for safety side by side with human beings, their natural hostility and fear stifled by the horror of fire, came in today, showing the desperate conditions. Tales also came of mothers burned to death with their babies on the breast and killed while endeavoring to shield their children.

"Hell" Describes Condition.

"It's hell down there," said Engineer Smith, of the Duluth express, today, when a reporter swung into the cab after the train passed the fire zone. His train brought many refugees from the scene of the conflagration to Winnipeg. "If the fire keeps on the way it is going, there will be mighty little left of the population of that part of Minnesota," he added.

"The flames have quieted down a little, but it only needs a puff of wind and they will start up again as bad as ever. There is one good thing, it cannot come near one of the railroad lines again, for all the timber is burned away. For miles around Baudette and Spooner, where there were large tracts of bush, it is now as level as the prairie.

"Everything is wiped out. The wind went at such a terrific rate that the fire had no chance to burn anything but what was directly in front of it. All the charred tree trunks along the tracks are lying away from the direction the wind was blowing. Even the earth around the tree trunks is on fire. There has been forest in that part of the country for such a long time that the earth is peaty. When a tree fell over with the force of the wall of flames it began to burn even to the roots and the earth around the roots.

Bridges are Charred.

"A special train with special machinery and workmen is going over the entire system, strengthening all the bridges on the Canadian Northern road.

"Many of the bridges over which we had to go have been slightly charred.

"From the engine it looked as though every timber mill in the country had been burned, except that of the Shevlin Mattieu Co. All the lumber yards, however was burned. We passed through part of the burned territory in the night and the small red flames from the smouldering mass of logs looked like a real picture of the inferno through the clouds of smoke which reeled across the path of the engine.

"All the ties of the road have been charred and the country is level with the tracks. We stopped every little while to take on some people, but the most of them got off just outside of the danger zone so they could go back as soon as possible to rebuild their homes."

Two cars of provisions have reached Baudette, Minn., and a relief committee has been organized there. The towns of Roosevelt and Williams are still in danger, but Warroad is safe. As many as 1,000 refugees have been taken south.

The bodies of two families of nine and five members, respectively, were brought to Baudette today.

All settlers in the district bounded by the Rainy river and Lake of the Woods on the north to 25 miles south of Fort Frances, Ont., and from Spooner and Baudette, Minn., on the east, to Warroad, Minn. on the west, who are not accounted for are believed to be dead, as there was no known means of escape for them. For a distance of 50 miles from Baudette and the Rainy river west to Warroad the woods were a solid mass of fire on Sunday.

Baudette is only a charred heap of ruins. Spooner was entirely wiped out, and the hamlets of Cedar Spur, Fraceton, Pitt and Swift were destroyed.

Trainmen went through a burned bridge between Pitt and Baudette in attempting a rescue.

Seven settlers up the Baudette river and 11 settlers between Rapid river and Baudette were found dead lying along a logging road by settlers who escaped the fury of the flames.

READY FOR OVER-SEA AIR TRIP

Engineer Says Wellman Balloon Will Go Tuesday.

Atlantic City, N. J., Oct. 11.—Melvin Vaniman, engineer in charge of the proposed Wellman balloon expedition across the Atlantic to Europe, announced this afternoon that the airship America positively will be sent into the air this afternoon or tonight.

He states the weather bureau at Washington has sent information that protecting winds for three days at least will carry the balloon, if the start is made, directly across the sea in the steamer track.

At present the wind is too high to take the monster airship from its shelter, but Vaniman and his men are standing by on the promise of the weather bureau that the breeze will die down at sundown.

ELY STILL ON GROUND

Covers 19 Miles of Fly, Chicago to New York.

Indiana Harbor, Ind., Oct. 11.—Aviator Eugene Ely, who is attempting to fly in an aeroplane from Chicago to New York, for a prize of $25,000, offered by the New York Tmes and Chicago Evening Post, was still in a field two miles south of Indiana Harbor at 12:29 p. m. Tuesday.

Ely was compelled to come to the ground late Monday afternoon after having covered but 19 miles of his 1,000-mile journey. He left Beverly Hills, 11 miles east of Chicago, Monday about 4 o'clock after having spent the day repairing his machine which ran into a ditch concealed by weeds. He was able to travel but eight miles when he was forced to descend in the field south of Indiana Harbor.

Ely announced that he would not attempt to resume his flight until some time Tuesday. He had walked into town and telephoned for assistance. He declared that his engines were working badly and that the aeroplane had been damaged in making the descent. Ely started Sunday from Chicago at 4:11 o'clock.

A hurry call brought Curtiss and the "first aid squad" from the special train. These were the repairs on the artificial bird:

Soldered up engine; put new tire on front wheel; put six-foot splice with bamboo splints on "push rod," which guides airship up and down; put three-foot splice on right hand brace of guiding plane to attach push rod; repaired torn canvas of lower plane; put in new lateral brace to replace broken one, and made innumerable minor repairs and splices in the wire guys.

Three rolls of tire tape of 60 yards each were used in the splicing of the rods. The gasoline brazing torch was going all day. Mrs. Ely came out in an automobile from the special train, which was at anchor in the La Salle street station, and brought a basket of pies, crackers, cheese and fruit to Curtiss, Ely and the mechanics.

FRIENDS ASSIST DIETZ

"Endless Chain" to Raise Money Is Begun.

Aurora, Ill., Oct. 11.—City Clerk William J. Flannigan, a close follower of the troubles of John Dietz, the outlaw of Cameron dam, today began an "endless chain" county wide movement to get funds to pay for the defense of Dietz in the several cases that are to be brought against him up in Wisconsin.

The city clerk is familiar with Dietz's history through reading for years of his troubles.

He will write letters to ten of his friends asking each of them to send money to Dietz at Winter, Wis., and to write letters to ten of his friends asking them to send money and notify their friends, and so on.

Dietz Hearing Is Postponed.

Hayward, Wis., Oct. 11.—The hearing before Judge J. F. Riordan, of John Dietz, his wife, and their sons, Clarence and Leslie, has been postponed until tomorrow morning. District Attorney J. C. Davis is in Winter attending the inquest of Oscar Harp, killed during the assault on Dietz's house.

A charge of murder in connection with the killing of Harp will be made against Dietz, Mrs. Dietz and Leslie.

Dietz refused to pose for more pictures until shaved and dressed in his best. His elder daughter, Myra, is improving fast in the hospital at Ashland and will be brought to Hayward in a few days.

Dr. Ohage, of St. Paul, whom Dietz wired to come and dress his wounded hand, has raised a relief fund for the family. Clarence's wound is healed.

Wants Darrow to Defend Him.

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 11.—John F. Dietz sent a telegram yesterday to Mayor Emil Seidel, of Milwaukee, asking Mr. Seidel to get a competent attorney to defend him. Mayor Seidel said he would take the matter up at once. Dietz said he would prefer to be defended by Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, if possible.

DYNAMITE STOLEN FROM FORT

Army Officers at Presidio Have Clue to Los Angeles Disaster.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 11.—Army officers of the presidio gave a new turn to the hunt for the Los Angeles Times dynamiters yesterday when they laid before the civil authorities their findings in an investigation into the theft from the reservation of a quantity of dynamite.

Four days before the Times building was destroyed 20 sticks of dynamite, fifty feet of fuse and half a box of percussion caps were stolen from the presidio quarry.

It is the belief of the army officials that civilians were responsible for the theft and that the dynamite, which was stolen from a work box, was carried off in suit cases by probably three men and conveyed to one of the north shore wharves where it could easily have been smuggled aboard a boat.

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60 Rollins Blk., Des Moines, Ia.

FARM YIELD RECORD

Enormous Gain in Corn and Oats Promise Farmers Best Year Yet.

UNCLE SAM'S CROPS.

	Bushels.
Corn, total yield	2,978,000,000
Oats, total yield	1,096,000,000
Wheat, total yield	692,000,000
Barley, total yield	158,000,000
Potatoes, total yield	352,000,000
Grand total	5,275,000,000

Washington, Oct. 11.—Analysis of the official figures issued Monday afternoon by the crop reporting board of the department of agriculture shows a promise that this will be the best year the American farmers ever had.

While the wheat crop turns out to be nearly 46,000,000 bushels behind the big yield of last year, the enormous gain in corn and oats, as now estimated, make the aggregate the largest yield on record. The aggregate of the three cereals is 4,765,000,000 bushels, or 249,000,000 bushels more than the record harvest of 1909. The carrying of these crops means also prosperity for the railroads.

Increased yield will more than make up for falling off in prices from last year, and the fact that bumper crops are general means that prosperity on the American farms will be widespread and not confined to any one section. The only considerable loss was in the northwest, caused by midseason drouth, but that was nothing like the unfavorable predictions for the spring wheat fields. At that the total wheat yield has been exceeded but four times in the history of the nation.

Hog and Hominy A-Plenty.

Notwithstanding the big losses suffered by the Dakotas and Minnesota, the three states which raise the greater part of the spring wheat crop will harvest about 180,000,000 bushels, which a few years ago would have been considered enormous. The wheat is of excellent quality.

The states south of the Ohio river and the Missouri and Kansas lines have raised more than a round billion of bushels of corn, something heretofore unheard of. The south will have hog and hominy in profusion—and a good bunch of corn for export.

The great states of the Mississippi valley have rolled out fatness galore, breaking the record for acreages and yield of corn and promising the country fat hogs without limit.

The October corn promise is for a crop of 2,977,000,000 bushels, or about 205,000,000 bushels more than the big crop of last year, and 50,000,000 bushels more than the previous high mark of 2,927,000,000 bushels secured in 1906.

Good Weather Boosts Estimates.

The government reports again lifted the estimate of the oats crop, this time making it 1,096,000,000 bushels, or practically 90,000,000 bushels more than the yield of 1909, which itself shattered all previous records. Until last year a billion bushels oats crop in United States was unknown.

The government raised its September estimate of the spring wheat yield from 217,000,000 bushels to 233,475,000 bushels, which with the preliminary estimate of 458,000,000 bushels for the winter wheat makes a combined yield of 691,000,000 bushels, compared to an early season promise of only 406,000,000 bushels.

Ideal growing conditions during the last half of the crop season overcame the adverse factors early and resulted in much larger yields of all grains than seemed to be possible earlier in the season.

The yield of corn estimated at 2,977,000,000 bushels is about 80,000,000 bushels more than was figured September 1, the extraordinary favorable weather conditions during September working wonders in conditioning the cereal.

As the crop is now safe from frost, the final estimate by the government will show probably as much or more corn than the October figures. A continuation of present weather conditions for a few weeks more will give a crop of the finest quality as well as the largest yield on record.

BOY BORN IN STORM AT SEA

Added His Pipe to the Music of Six Thousand Canaries.

New York, Oct. 11.—Six thousand canaries sang in the hold of the Hamburg-American liner Cleveland, in midocean in a storm when Dr. Lubbert, the ship's surgeon, assisted in ushering aboard, as an individuality, a baby boy, son of Mrs. Stanislaus Kotlarski, a Polish woman bound for Cleveland.

The cabin subscribed $100 for the mother, after getting her promise that the boy should be named Cleveland, and also contributed some baby clothes made especially for the occasion. After a while the boy joined the canary chorus. The mother expressed a strong desire to have some of the songbirds and one of the finest was presented to her. After a few days on Ellis Island she will be able to proceed with the bird and the boy who just missed being a native American because of a sea storm.

FIVE CONVICTS ARE IN HIDING

Posse of Forty Seek Men in Dense Brush on Rockefeller Estate.

White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 11.—The posse of police and deputy sheriffs searching for the five convicts who escaped from Sing Sing prison, including Big Bill Green, the fattest convict in the institution, are almost positive that the fugitives are hiding in the dense woods on Buttermilk mountain, which is a part of the great estate of John D. Rockefeller at Pocantico Hills.

All day long about 40 officers beat the brush on this mountain but could make little headway because of its density. The thick footprints and it is generally believed that all the convicts are together and are hiding in some cave or deserted shanty.

As the men are all armed it is feared that if their hiding place is found there will be a bloodly battle before they are taken into custody.

TRUST CASES ARE REASSIGNED

Arguments in Standard Oil and Tobacco Suits Set for Jan. 3.

Washington, Oct. 11.—When the supreme court of the United States met today the tobacco cases under the Sherman anti-trust act were reassigned for argument on January 3. This was done at the request of the government. The cases were previously set for argument on November 14.

The Standard Oil case, set for rehearing on November 14, also was reassigned for hearing on January 3.

BREAK LAW AS THEY LEARN IT

Youths Sentenced for Book Theft Supposed to Be Students.

Boston, Oct. 11.—Two well dressed students, believed to be enrolled in some Boston law school, and of good families, were arrested in City Hall avenue late yesterday for stealing books, and were sentenced to two months each in jail for larceny. They refused to give their names. The young men in their operations used a suitcase with a false slide and a pasteboard box with a false bottom.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Oct. 11.—Lower cables combined with a bearish interpretation of the government report brought on general selling in wheat at the outset and prices sagged on the call. Most of the offerings at Chicago was absorbed by commission houses. Reports from the winter wheat belt indicate favorable growth of newly sown fields. Only the land planted in corn ground are late. Toledo cash opened ½c down at 98c; December ½c off at $1.00½ and May ⅝c lower at $1.06.

Further weakness resulted from selling by tired longs and bears. As the session advanced nothing developed to encourage holders to any extent. Toledo cash closd 1½c off at 97c, December 1½c lower at 99¼c, May 1⅛c lower at $1.04⅞.

Unloading by Chicago firms weakened corn early in the day. Reports from Ohio are not altogether bearish. In some sections, complaints of poor fields are common, though there is a great deal of fine corn. A sample more than a foot long, was brought to the produce exchange yesterday and of splendid quality in every way. December opened ⅝c off at 50¾c and May ¼c down at 54c. The market was steady to a shade lower in the first hour.

Cash closed at ½c lower at 52½c, December at 50¼c and May at 53¼c.

Oats was about ½c off on the call in sympathy with other grains, December opening at 36c and May at 37⅜c.

Final oats values: Cash 35c, December 34½c, May 37½c.

Clover seed on the call was a little lower and at 10 a. m. prices were still a little more reduced. Cash and October opened 2½c off at $9.20; December 2½c lower at $9.10, and March 5c off at $9.10.

Cash and October clover seed closed 7½c off at $9.15, December 7½c off at $9.05, May 7½c lower at $9.07½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.		
Wheat—				Oct.11.	Oct.10.	
Cash	98	....	....	97	98¼	
Dec.	1.00¾	....	....	99¼	1.00⅝	
May	1.05	1.05¾	....	1.04⅛	1.05⅝	
Corn—						
Cash	....	....	....	52¼	53	
Dec.	50¾	....	....	50¼	51¼	
May	54	....	....	53¾	54¼	
Oats—						
Cash	....	....	....	35	35¼	
Dec.	34	....	....	34⅝	35¼	
May	37⅝	....	37⅛	37½	38¼	
Clover Seed—						
Cash	9.20	....	....	9.15	9.22½	
Oct.	9.29	....	....	9.15	9.22½	
Dec.	9.10	....	....	9.05	9.12½	
March	9.10	....	....	9.07½	9.15	
Rye—						
No 2	....	....	....	75¼	76	
No 3	....	....	....	72½	73	
Timothy—			